

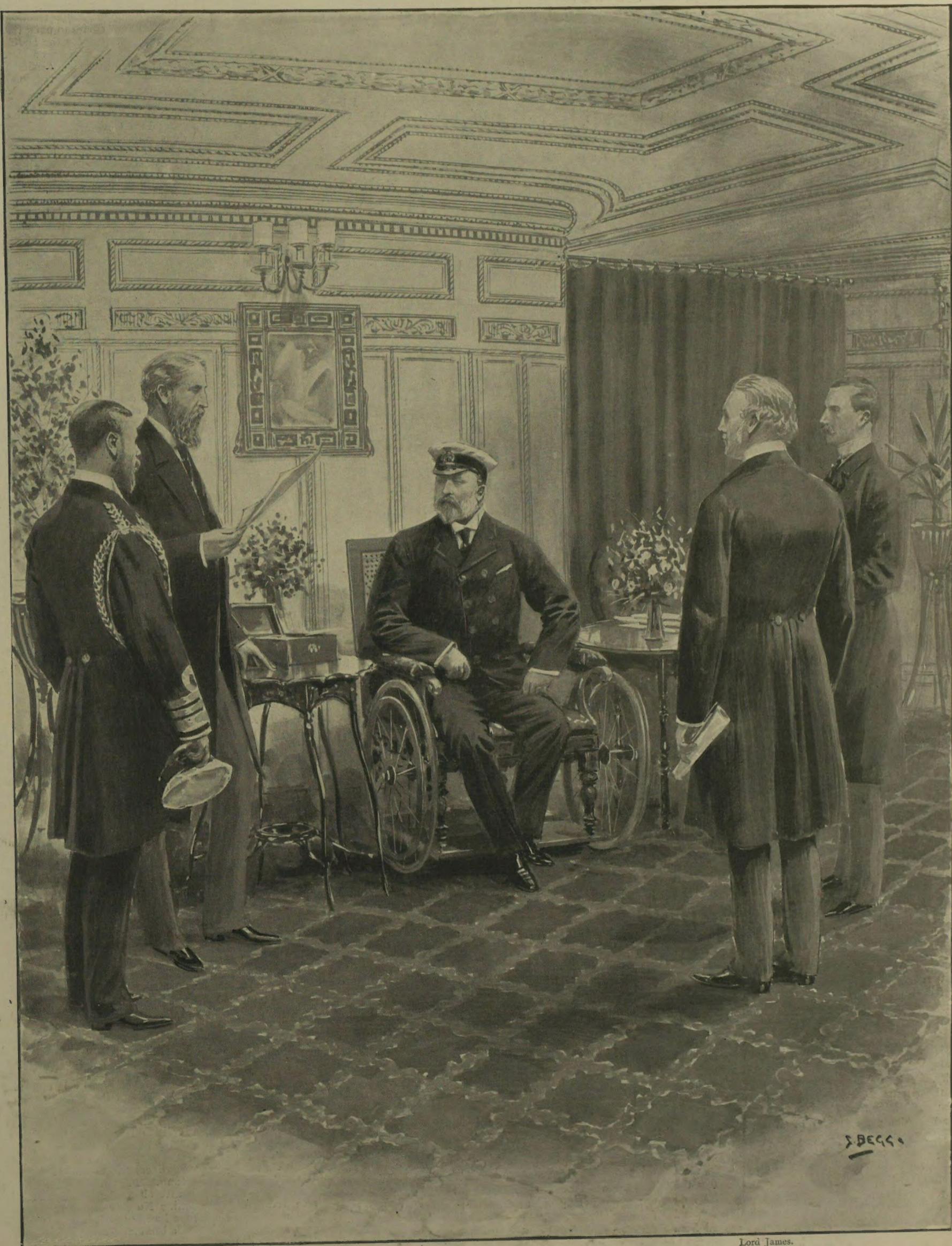
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3302.—VOL. CXXI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



Prince of Wales. Duke of Devonshire.

Lord James.

THE KING'S FIRST ACT OF STATE SINCE HIS ILLNESS: HIS MAJESTY AT THE PRIVY COUNCIL ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," JULY 26.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. MELTON PRIOR'S SKETCHES, MADE BY HIS MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The Coronation, when it comes, will dry up the springs of much quaint gossip. I have an eye on the spruce oracle who startles elderly ladies at tea-parties by telling them that the King is eager to be crowned, even at some hazard, because, until then, he loses fifty thousand a year. This is the kind of pleasant invention by which a man achieves social celebrity, small but compact. I found one elderly lady much depressed. "Isn't it shocking," she said, "that the Coronation must be hurried on because the poor King is losing nearly a thousand a week by his illness?" I said it was very shocking indeed, for it is no use meeting such a story with a denial. Certain flowers of fancy are watered by contradictions. Besides, it is impossible to root out of many minds the belief that crowning makes a King. Short of that ceremony, the monarch is an illustrious personage who commands our allegiance; but certain regal functions are held in abeyance; a niggardly country docks his allowance; in a word, he cannot be a right down regular royal King, as Mr. Gilbert would say, until he has had the Crown on his head and the Orb in his hand. It is upon this fantasy about the conditions of royalty that the tea-table fabulist plays his variations; and when the Coronation is over he will be sadly at a loss for a new idea.

He may get some encouragement from an article by M. Maeterlinck in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "The Foretelling of the Future." I suppose there never was a man less open to the charge of idle curiosity than M. Maeterlinck; but he is very anxious to read the future, and he thinks we shall do it some day by a scientific development. It is well known that faculty is developed by adaptiveness to particular conditions, as you may perceive by watching a colony of ants. Now, if mankind, or any considerable section of it, should be possessed by a resolve to know the future, some adjustment of the brain and the nervous system will eventually be developed to satisfy what the advertisers call a long-felt want. This I take to be M. Maeterlinck's anticipation. In the wonderful brain of man you have a memory cell, a music cell, a number of interesting cells common to the highest organisms, though varying in degree. Manifestly there are uncommon cells; the brain of a German professor, for instance, possesses a British atrocity cell, which is original and even unique. If we all think hard about the future, why should we not end by developing a cell which will make its possessors perfectly alive to what is going to happen?

M. Maeterlinck has been studying a process which persuades him that knowledge of coming events is a kind of memory. The future must be the outcome of a train of causes now in progress, but not recorded in our consciousness. Let us remember this, and the future will be plain. You will have as clear a perception of what is coming as the Venetian gentleman who is said to have foretold the day, and even the hour, when the Campanile would fall. Seeking for illustrations of his process, M. Maeterlinck interviewed a number of sybils. One lady, who went into a trance and spoke with the voice of a child-spirit called Julia (not Mr. Stead's celestial friend), showed a startling acquaintance with the visitor's secret thoughts, and even with ideas that had lain buried in his mind so long that memory, until this sudden revival, had never had a grasp of them. Deep down in the sub-conscious self is a forgotten host of things—at the bottom of the sea, as it were, until some expert diver brings them up, and then some people say this is miraculous, and the world says it is a particularly cunning fraud. But if we could do the diving for ourselves, instead of employing the sibyl who speaks with the voice of Julia, would it not be easy to follow the chain of causes which make the future? "I can imagine that we stand opposite to it," says M. Maeterlinck, "as though opposite to a forgotten past. We might try to remember it. It would be a question of inventing or re-discovering the road taken by that memory which precedes us." This is a fascinating speculation, which gives to the romance of prophecy the gravity of science.

As a rule, our gropings towards the future are confident enough. A Chicago professor is reputed to have said that the world will so improve morally as to declare Shakspere unfit to be read. In that halcyon day to quote "Hamlet" will stamp one as a boor. The dregs of the population will wallow in "The Tempest." Mr. George Gissing, in a work that smacks of autobiography, says of "The Tempest" that "it is ripe fruit of the supreme imagination, perfect craft of the master hand." Ripe fruit indeed; but Chicago already suspects it to be rotting, and in a greatly improved world that supreme imagination and that perfect craft will be regarded as snares of nameless evil. Even the common graces of life may be vetoed by a most superior future. Somebody described in the *Times* the other day a singular incident in a Board school. A lady of some distinction had occasion to see the master, and when she entered the school-room not a boy stirred from

his seat. She gently suggested that in such circumstances it was better manners for boys to stand up; but while they hesitated the master intervened, and said he could not allow it. He was a Socialist, and this was no part of his teaching. The visitor asked the Board whether Socialism of this peculiar order should be regarded as a judicious element in education, and the Board answered that the teacher was too competent a man to be judged by such a standard. So when Shakspere is unfit even for private reading, politeness to women may be proscribed as culpable weakness.

The humour of it is that there is no imperative distinction between Socialism and good breeding, and that the Socialist in question is really an eccentric Individualist. He is an unconscious burlesque of the theory that every man ought to do what seemeth right in his own eyes. Perhaps the future has in store for us a social state in which every citizen, if he should still call himself a citizen, will have his own original code of behaviour. Mr. Gissing, in that autobiography, betrays a taste for anarchy. "Never again shall I shake hands with man or woman who is not in truth my friend. Never again shall I go to see acquaintances with whom I have no acquaintance. All men my brothers! Nay, thank Heaven that they are not!" If this view were to become general, we might sigh in vain for the universal brotherhood, for the Parliament of man, the federation of the world. Mr. Gissing groans when he thinks of his own weakness. "I have grimaced a smile and pattered unmeaning words to many a person whom I despised or from whom in heart I shrank. I did so because I had not courage to do otherwise." And he wishes he were like Johnson—"brave Samuel Johnson!"—who spoke his mind fearlessly to all and sundry. "One such truth-teller is worth all the moralists and preachers who ever laboured to humanise mankind." In the future, it may be, we shall shun our fellows save when there is a bond of sympathy betwixt them and us; or we shall seek them out to tell them what we think of them with Johnson's plain speaking ("Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig!"), and a nice, cheerful place our world will become.

One of our redoubtable foemen in the late war is in London, enjoying with large simplicity the novelty of the "Twopenny Tube," and talking with native shrewdness about the future of the Transvaal. I like to picture General Lucas Meyer walking into the Colonial Office, where he seems to have alarmed the janitor by asking for Mr. Chamberlain. The janitor had been told that the war was over, but he had heard that story so often that he may still have been in doubt; and here was a gigantic Boer, with one of the notable names in the campaign, grimly inquiring for the Colonial Secretary! When the General has exhausted the interest of the "Tube," I hope he will call at the War Office, where he may hear some things that should surprise him. There has been an inquiry into the case of a young lieutenant who was "ragged" by some of his brother-officers because he was studious. He had the novel idea that garrison life should not be all polo and pipeclay, that even the supervision of canteen accounts does not exhaust the possibilities of an officer's intellect. Probably he had read the report of the War Office Committee on the deficiencies of military education. Humbly striving to repair these, he became an object of sportive pity to other officers, who playfully hustled him and threw his furniture into the barrack-yard. They might have said, "The war is over; it was a long and beastly job; but now we can play again, and the man who refuses to play is no better than a smug." Of course, they did not say anything so severe, and they are even pained by the exaggeration of the lieutenant's grievance; but I wonder what Lucas Meyer would say to their ideal of professional spirit.

The Wesleyans have bought the Westminster Aquarium and the Imperial Theatre. They will replace the Aquarium, no doubt, by a dignified piece of architecture which will not make them hopelessly abashed when they look at the Abbey. But they must have some sense of the piquancy of life when they think of the theatre. The Wesleyan Conference as Mrs. Langtry's landlord beggars all the figures of speech! I have seen a statement that the Wesleyans will countenance the Imperial Theatre only on the condition that the class of plays produced there shall merit their toleration. Certain pieces are mentioned as comparatively free from worldliness. They belong to the drama of spectacular precept, and approach as nearly as possible to those dioramas of the Holy Land which were languid joys in our childhood. It is possible that Mrs. Langtry may not be disposed to consecrate the remainder of her lease to this branch of art, and I foresee the Conference in agitated session upon the report of a committee of laymen who have spent their evenings in the stalls of the Imperial. I do not know whether the Wesleyan critics accept Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Herod," but he might be commissioned to write a play for Mrs. Langtry as Judith and Mr. Lewis Waller as Holofernes, if the Lord Chamberlain has no objection to the stage portraiture of those characters. Or the Conference might evolve a dramatist from a professor of divinity, and sit in the theatre to applaud his tragic Muse.

PARLIAMENT.

South Africa has returned to the Parliamentary debates in the garb of peace. Mr. Swift MacNeill endeavoured to disparage the Commission of judges appointed to inquire into the operation of martial law in Cape Colony, but he was repudiated by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. Chamberlain, who reappeared for the first time since his accident, made a comprehensive statement of Ministerial policy in regard to the settlement. He justified the banishment proclamation on the ground that, as the Boers admitted, it had hastened the end of the war. Having served that purpose, it was now withdrawn. It was the desire of the Government to introduce representative Boers into the local administration, but he had been urged by the Boers themselves to appoint Englishmen. It was not intended to impose heavy taxation on the mines with a view to punishing the capitalists. The shareholders, not the capitalists, would suffer from that policy; moreover, it would derange all the plans for developing the resources of the country. Lord Milner did not desire to pack the new colonies with British settlers to outnumber the Dutch, but it was necessary to establish British settlers on the land to improve the agriculture. The High Commissioner had differed from the Government on the question of suspending the Cape Constitution, but he still enjoyed their entire confidence. Mr. Chamberlain believed that the Boers who had shown such an excellent spirit would be true to their allegiance, and the Government were resolved to fulfil their own pledges to the letter.

The Irish attack on Mr. Wyndham led to some lively speeches. Mr. Morley took occasion to inveigh against the "step-by-step" policy of the Liberal League for Ireland. Mr. William O'Brien declared that if Prince Henry's squadron, when it visited Bantry Bay, had brought a hundred thousand rifles for the Irish people, every man worth his salt would have joined the standard of revolt. Mr. Wyndham said that Mr. O'Brien was duping the Irish peasants as he did at "New Tipperary," and Mr. O'Brien made a retort which was lost in the din. He has since explained in an Irish paper that he called the Chief Secretary a hateful Saxon who ought to be ducked in a pond.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MR. WIX OF WICKHAM," AT KENNINGTON.

That chartered libertine of syndicate music-halls and Drury Lane pantomime, Mr. Dan Leno, is too established an institution, too practised a comedian, and too funny a fellow for any new departure of his to be other than successful; and if he chooses to expend himself in musical comedy, so much the better for his admirers, who may sometimes find his comicalities laboured, but at all events obtain full value for their money. What does it matter that, save as furnishing a setting for Mr. Leno's quaint antics, Mr. Herbert Darnley's piece, "Mr. Wix of Wickham," is not of the smallest account? Kennington playgoers' enthusiasm is wholly and rightly reserved for Mr. Leno.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE HIPPODROME.

The London Hippodrome, which is so far from being a mere circus that it is really a superb variety theatre blessed with a vast arena, and therefore with unique spectacular accommodation, still maintains the reputation which it has always enjoyed for novel, ever-changing, and wide-ranging entertainment. Cycling experts, astonishing equilibrists, musical grotesques, "gladiatorial marvels," comical acrobats, wonderful jugglers, droll farceurs involved in "domestic mishaps"—these provide some of the "star turns" of the present week's capital programme, assisted by the still popular, still "great" Everhart, the champion manipulator of hoops, and also by a famous Continental equestrian, one Salamonsky, whose horses assume attitudes alternately "serpentine and statuettes."

OPERA.

The most important event of the past week was the second performance of "Der Wald." It is not paying the composer, Miss Smyth, too great a compliment to say that the work needs hearing twice before it can be appreciated in its entirety. This is true of all masterly work in musical composition. There is a simplicity in the opera that is in perfect accordance with the spirit-life of the peasants, but it conceals profound and scholarly orchestration. It is easy to say Miss Smyth owes much to Wagner, and in one instance "Der Wald" is almost a twin composition with the "Siegfried" music—the murmur of life in the forest is strangely similar. Apart from this, it seems fairer to say Miss Smyth's genius is essentially modern; and in this she is like to Wagner and his methods. She prefers to entrust her subtlest emotions to the orchestra rather than to the vocalists. The performance on Thursday, July 24, went with a beautiful smoothness and graceful perfection. Frau Lohse, who is squandering her voice in a reckless way that will prevent its lasting, still sang charmingly and acted with her usual spontaneity. The Landgraf Rudolf was beautifully sung by Mr. Bispham, who is also of the modern school, where high intelligence as well as a good voice are necessary to success. Iolanthe and Heinrich were equally good. The libretto is charming; some of the songs of the Spirits of the Wood sacrificing to Pan have the sad mirthfulness of Omar Khayyām, "far from where mortals fret their little day." It seems a great pity to have given "Der Wald" at the end of the season, and only to have given it twice. Miss Smyth again received an ovation and many beautiful flowers. On July 24 "Pagliacci" was given before "Der Wald," and was well sung. Fräulein Fritz Scheff was the Nedda, and the heartbroken Clown was beautifully rendered by Signor Scotti. No more intensely dramatic and moving performance has been given this year. On July 25, Madame Melba's brilliant rendering of Gilda, in "Rigoletto," brought the season of 1902 to a conclusion.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CONVENIENT EXPRESS TRAINS FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep. 9.30	11.15	1.30
Rhyl	arr. 2.37	4.30	6.53
Coity Bay	" 3.3	4.50	7.33
Llandudno	" 3.30	5.20	7.45
Pennalmaenawr	" 4.8	5.22	7.36
Bangor	" 3.24	5.43	7.55
Pwllheli	" 5.20	—	9.50
Criccieth	" 5.13	—	9.38
London (Euston)	dep. a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Barmouth	dep. 9.30	11.0	2.35
Aberystwyth	arr. 4.40	6.10	—
	" 4.20	5.45	9.35

CENTRAL WALES.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep. 11.0	1.30	—
Llandrindod Wells	arr. 4.15	7.5	—
Llangammarch Wells	" 4.52	7.38	—
Llanwrtyd Wells	" 5.5	7.44	—

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep. 10.15	11.30	—
Blackpool	arr. 4.9	—	—
Morecambe	" 3.49	4.27	—
Windermere	—	—	5.5
Keswick	—	—	6.3

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

Euston, July 1902.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE.

PADDINGTON TO WEYMOUTH, AND TO WINCHESTER AND SOUTHAMPTON.

WEEK-DAYS.

	dep.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
PADDINGTON	9.35	12.35	1.50	2.25	5.0	5.45
WEYMOUTH	arr. 1.35	4.15	7.0	8.50	11.5	—
WINCHESTER	" 11.30	2.45	4.53	—	7.53	—
SOUTHAMPTON	" 12.9	3.25	5.29	—	8.25	—

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

THE FOLLOWING THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS WILL NOT BE RUN—

SUNDAY, AUG. 3.—12.5 Midnight PLYMOUTH to PADDINGTON.

MONDAY, AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

7.25 a.m.—Paddington to Penzance as between Paddington and Plymouth.

9.30 a.m.—Paddington to Birkenhead and the Cambrian Line.

9.35 a.m.—Paddington to Southampton as between Newbury, Winchester, and Southampton.

10.35 a.m.—Paddington to Penzance.

10.45 a.m.—Paddington to New Milford.

11.25 a.m.—Paddington to Birkenhead as between Paddington and Birmingham.

11.35 a.m.—Paddington to Kingswear.

12.35 p.m.—Paddington to Weymouth.

1.40 p.m.—Paddington to Hereford, Kidderminster, and Stourbridge Junction.

1.45 p.m.—Paddington to Stourbridge Junction as between Chipping Norton Junction and Cheltenham.

2.15 p.m.—Paddington to Birkenhead as between Paddington and Birmingham.

2.25 p.m.—Paddington to Weymouth.

2.55 p.m.—Paddington to Penzance as between Paddington and Plymouth.

3.35 p.m.—Paddington to Swansea.

4.45 p.m.—Paddington to Wolverhampton as between Paddington and Oxford.

5.15 p.m.—Paddington to Weston-super-Mare as between Chippenham and Weston-super-Mare.

6.50 a.m.—Weston-super-Mare to Paddington as between Bristol and Paddington.

7.20 a.m.—Wolverhampton to Paddington as between Oxford and Paddington.

8.30 a.m.—Swansea to Paddington.

10.0 a.m.—Shrewsbury to Paddington as between Birmingham and Paddington.

11.0 a.m.—Penzance to Paddington.

11.10 a.m.—New Milford to Paddington.

11.20 a.m.—Ilfracombe to Paddington as between Taunton and Paddington.

11.30 a.m.—Newton Abbot to Paddington.

12.45 p.m.—From Hereford and the 12.37 p.m. from Stourbridge Junction and Kidderminster to Paddington.

1.10 p.m.—Weymouth to Paddington.

3.28 p.m.—Wolverhampton to Paddington.

For particulars of other and local trains discontinued or altered during the HOLIDAYS, see SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

RAINS

Every few Minutes to and from SHOREDITCH, for

BRITANNIA THEATRE ("The Girl of My Heart," succeeded by Variety Entertainment);

STANDARD THEATRE ("When Woman is Married")

The "LONDON" and "CAMBRIDGE" MUSIC HALLS (Variety Entertainments);

DALSTON JUNCTION for the

ALEXANDRA THEATRE ("His Majesty's Guests");

and the DALSTON THEATRE ("Through the Divorce Court").

Every Fifteen Minutes to and from CHALK FARM, for

PRIMROSE HILL, REGENT'S PARK, and the BOTANIC and ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

HACKNEY, In connection (by means of Covered Gallery) with Great Eastern Suburban Trains to

CHINGFORD (for EPPING FOREST, &c.),

VICTORIA PARK, BOW (for BOW AND BROMLEY INSTITUTE, and the PEOPLE'S PALACE),

HAMPSTEAD HEATH and WILLESDEN JUNCTION.

Every Half-hour to and from KEW BRIDGE (for KEW GARDENS),

EARL'S COURT and WEST BROMPTON (for the

"PARIS IN LONDON" EXHIBITION.

SOUTH KENSINGTON (for the IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, and

SOUTH KENSINGTON and NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUMS);

With a Train Service in connection with the CRYSTAL PALACE.

Every Hour to and from RICHMOND,

for TEDDINGTON (BUSHY PARK) and HAMPTON COURT.

FREQUENT TRAINS to and from FINSBURY PARK and

ALEXANDRA PALACE, for HIGHGATE WOODS, NEW BARNET, HIGH BARNET, and ENFIELD.

CHEAP THROUGH TICKETS will be issued to

STAINES, WINDSOR, MAIDENHEAD, HENLEY, &c. (Great Western Railway), via Willesden; and to

STAINES AND WINDSOR (South Western Railway), via Richmond; and to

SOUTHERN (via the Tilbury or Great Eastern Route); also to BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH.

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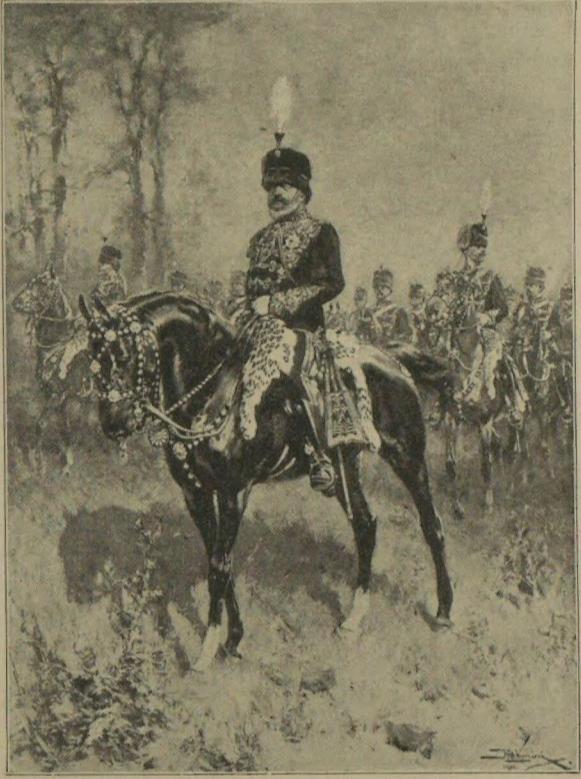
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MARRIAGE.

LAY-ROSS.—On July 24, 1902, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, by the Rev. A. Scott-Thompson, of Halesworth, Charles Edward, only son of the late Joseph John Lay, M.D., Peasenhall, Suffolk, to Violet Barbara, third daughter of the late Hugh Ross, Esq., C.E., and of Mrs. Ross, of 3, Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W.

OUR FINE-ART PLATES



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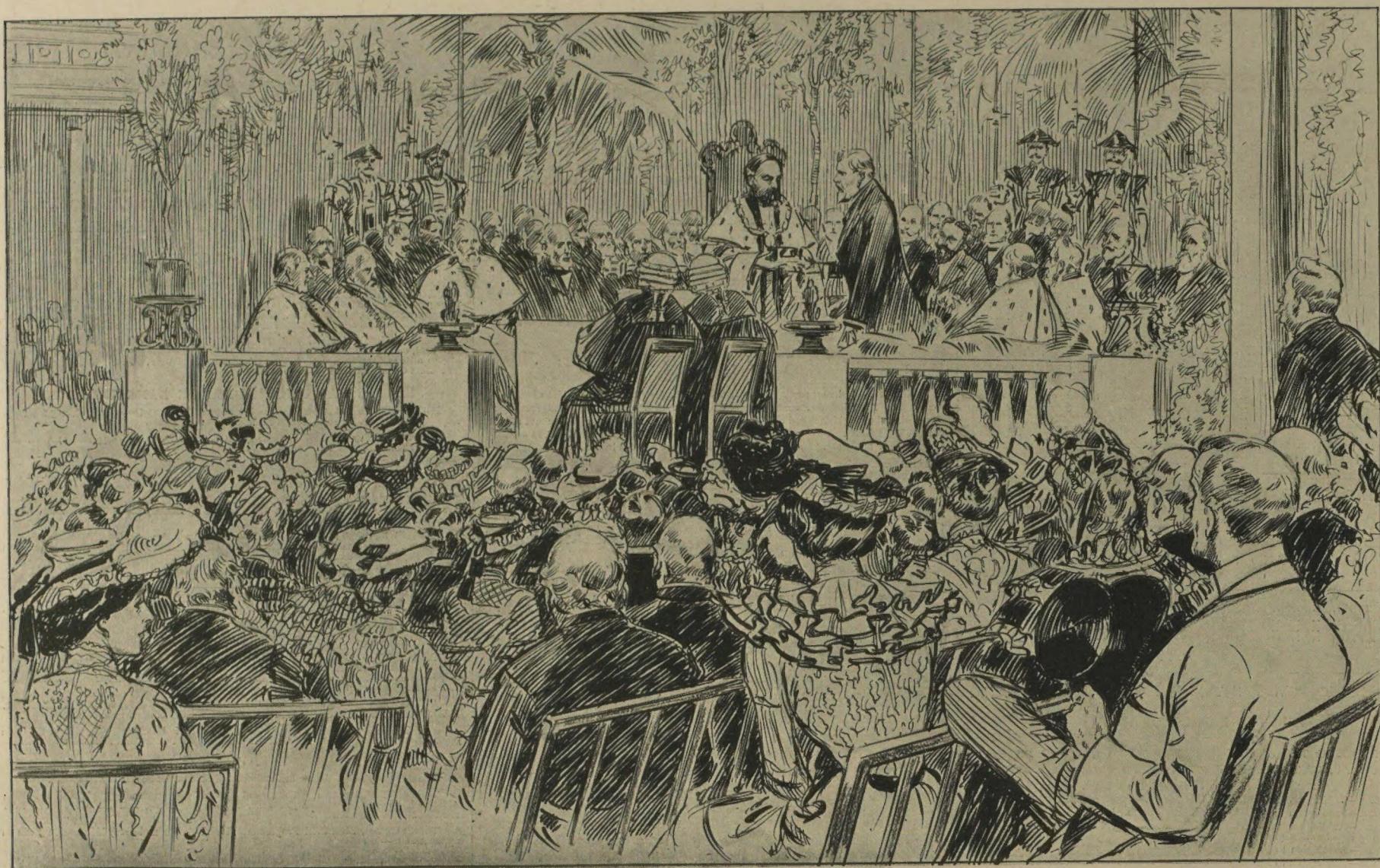
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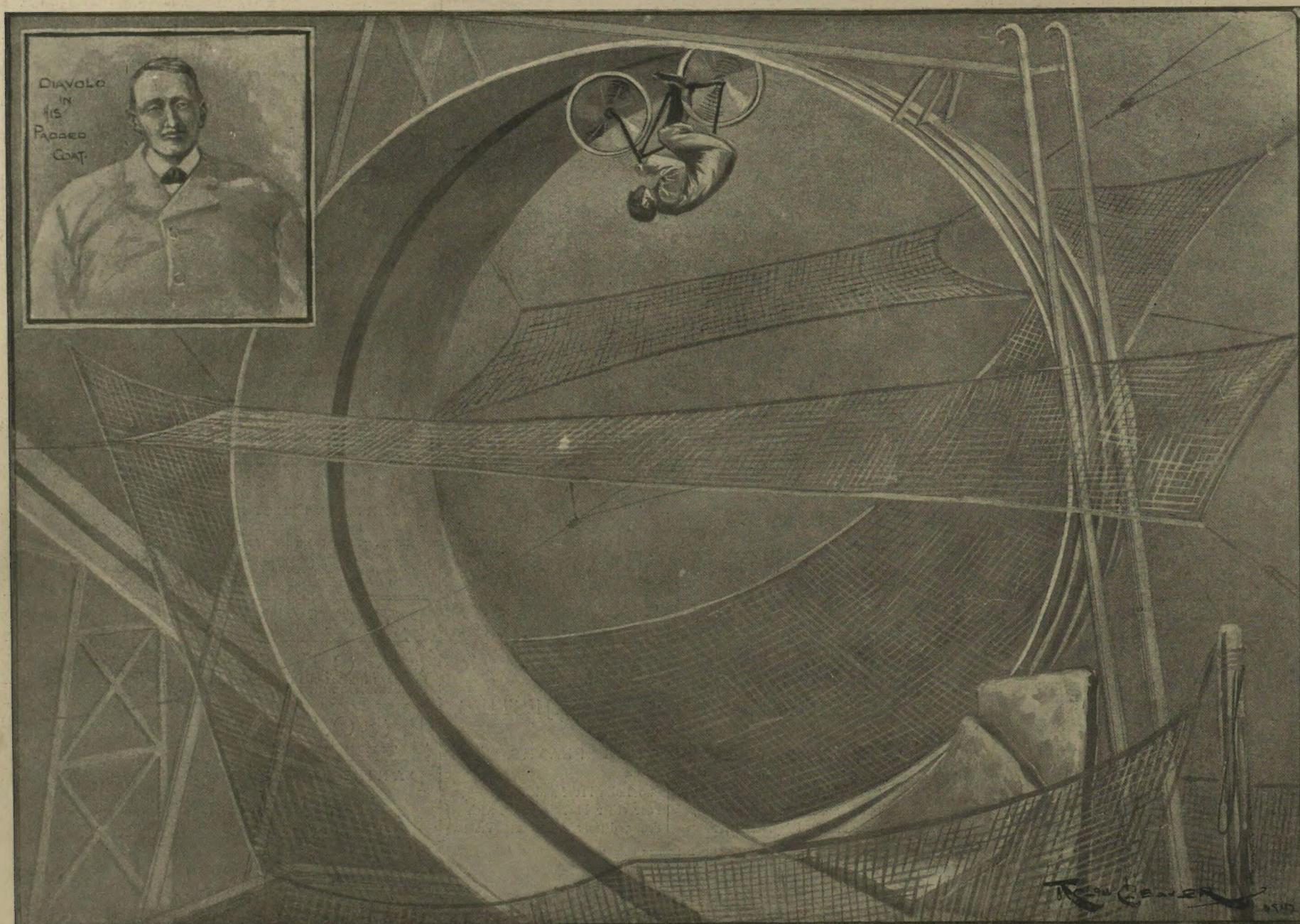
PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.



COLONIAL PRIME MINISTERS IN EDINBURGH : THE LORD PROVOST PRESENTING THE BURGESS TICKET TO MR. SEDDON.

DRAWN BY R. M. PANTON FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN EDINBURGH.

The honour was conferred in the Synod Hall on the Prime Ministers of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Natal, and Newfoundland. Lord Provost Steel presided. Sir Edmund Barton, Mr. Seddon, Sir Albert Hime, and the other Colonial statesmen replied, dwelling on Federation and the unity and integrity of the Empire.



THE LATEST CYCLING FEAT: "LOOPING THE LOOP" AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

The much-advertised feat of "looping the loop" on a bicycle was successfully performed for the first time in public on July 28. The track upon which "Diavolo" rides runs from a top corner of the Aquarium, down to the floor-level at an angle of forty-five degrees, then turns upwards. The performer, who wears a padded khaki-coloured suit, mounts his machine at the top of the inclined track, sets his feet on the rests which take the place of the pedals, and lets himself go. The terrific speed gained on the downward run carries him round the thirty-five feet circle. The track is four feet wide.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHILDREN AS CYCLISTS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. SMITH.



Prince George.

Prince Edward.

PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES AT WINDSOR AND ETON REGATTA, JULY 23.

The young Princes cycled over to the regatta from Frogmore on the machines which the King had given them as birthday presents. Their Royal Highnesses were attended by their tutor. During the race between Thames Ditton and the Polytechnic, Princes Edward and George pluckily kept level with the boats, and then, leaning their bicycles against the fence, ran to see the finish. They showed, by their keen interest in the event, that they possess the hereditary love of sport.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING'S CONVALESCENCE.

Every omen seems favourable for the King's restoration to health, and, provided there is no unforeseen relapse, his Majesty should be able to sustain without danger the fatigues of Coronation Day, now so near at hand. On July 25, for the first time since she cast anchor at Cowes, the *Victoria and Albert* slipped her moorings and cruised round the Isle of Wight. It had been intended to go only as far as the Needles, but sky

provisions of the law, all schools kept by the nuns were required to apply for State authorisation to carry on their work, and those which have failed to do so have been officially closed. On the evening of July 22 the Sisters of Providence quitted their school and crèche in the Rue St. Roch. The nuns came forth two by two, each pair leaning on the arms of a lady of the parish. Huge crowds assembled to see them depart, and all the windows were thronged with manifestants. Amid noisy demonstrations of sympathy, the sisters were conducted to the Gare St. Lazare, where the populace pushed past the barriers and escorted the exiles with enthusiastic "vivats" to the doors of their carriage.

upon the college by the Committee of Inquiry, and the much-discussed rustication of cadets. Concerning the conduct of the college the Commander-in-Chief, of course, said little, remarking that the reports read by Colonel Delavoye, on behalf of the Educational Department, and by Lieutenant-General Sir E. Markham, Governor and Commandant of the College, were, on the whole, satisfactory. The rustication question, however, was more fully discussed, Lord Roberts pointing out the enormity of the crime for which the general punishment had been ordered, and stating that "if a regiment misbehaves, although there may be a number, probably a majority, of good men in it, the whole regiment gets a



REAR-ADmiral W. H. HENDERSON,
New Admiral-Superintendent at Devonport.



THE LATE CARDINAL MIESCELAUS LEDOCHOWSKI,
Prefect of the Sacred Congregation de
Propaganda Fide.



LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE,
Elected Representative Peer for Ireland.



LIEUTENANT E. D. JOHNSON, L.R.B.,
Winner of the King's Prize at Bisley.

and sea were so propitious that his Majesty desired Commodore Lambton to keep on his course. The yacht left Cowes shortly before one o'clock, and returned to her anchorage about 6.30. The *Osborne* escorted the *Victoria and Albert*. The King is said to have enjoyed the trip, and to have been greatly benefited by the change of scene. The following day a Privy Council was held on board the *Victoria and Albert* in order to transact certain formal business in connection with the Coronation. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord James of Hereford, and Mr. Almeric Fitzroy, Clerk of the Council, left Portsmouth at about noon on board the *Alberta* and sailed to Cowes. A steam-pinnace conveyed the Councillors and Clerk to the *Victoria and Albert*, and on their arrival the meeting was at once convened, the Prince of Wales attending to make up a quorum. The chief business was the signing of a Proclamation appointing Aug. 9 for the Coronation, and another constituting that day a Bank Holiday. The officials lunched on board the yacht, though not with the King, and stayed, in all, about two hours. During the day his Majesty remained on deck for a considerable period, and for the first time dispensed with an awning. On Sunday the King and the royal family attended divine service, which was conducted by the Bishop of Winchester. The same day his Majesty was placed in his wheeled invalid chair, by means of which he can move himself about.

THE KING OF ITALY
IN RUSSIA.

The visit of the King of Italy to the Czar of Russia, which extended from July 13 to 17, was, if one may believe the view taken in well-informed quarters of St. Petersburg, an act of courtesy rather than policy, though it may be regarded as a sign that no change in the attitude of Italy or her allies towards the signatories of the Franco-Russian alliance is likely to occur at present. King Victor Emmanuel III. arrived at Peterhof on July 13, and was the Czar's guest in the Palace, where he stated that he came to St. Petersburg with the approval of his people, who saw in the closer drawing together of the bonds between the two countries a fresh pledge of peace and prosperity. On the following day the Czar and the King, accompanied by the Czarita and the Dowager-Empress, arrived at Krasnoye Selo and inspected the military camp. Tuesday was devoted to a field parade of 38,800 men under the Grand Duke Vladimir. During the march past, the Czar took his place at the head of the regiments of which he is honorary colonel. Luncheon was served at the conclusion of the parade, after which their Majesties returned to Peterhof.

THE FRENCH RELIGIOUS
AGITATION.

For the past ten days Paris has been disturbed by an agitation resulting from the operation of the Religious Associations Act. It is unusual to find the Parisian populace ranged upon the side of religion, and the enthusiasm need not be taken so much as a sign of spiritual grace as of impatience with the existing political order. M. Combes, in carrying out M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Act, has found himself confronted with unforeseen difficulties. By the

Earlier in the day the agitation began at a prize-distribution at the School of St. Mary, at which M. François Coppée, the poet, and certain civic officials assisted as a mark of sympathy. A great crowd assembled outside the school, shouting "Vivent les scœurs!" and the people followed M. Coppée on his departure, crying "Liberté!" Finally, the poet and the dignitaries were arrested. The disturbances culminated on Sunday, July 27, with a huge demonstration in the Place de la Concorde. The proposed meeting degenerated into free fighting between Ministerialists and Congregationalists, and mounted troops had to be called out to restore order. More than a hundred persons, including some priests, were arrested. During the disturbance M. Combes was in telephonic communication with M. Loubet.

LORD ROBERTS AT SANDHURST.

The half-yearly inspection of the Royal Military College, made by Lord Roberts on July 25, calls for more comment than usual in view of the recent severe strictures passed

bad name, and the innocent have to suffer with the guilty; and so it is with this college." He further said that, as a result of his investigations, all but two of the cadets had been completely exonerated.

THE RESTORATION OF PETERBOROUGH
CATHEDRAL.

The restoration of the finest portico in Europe, as Ruskin described the famous west front of Peterborough Cathedral, is now completed, and thanksgiving services, in which the whole diocese participated, were accordingly held on July 23. Of the total cost of the repairs—about £13,000—the last £2000 was raised as a worthy memorial to the late Dean Ingram, to whose initiative the success of the undertaking was largely due. To ensure the stability of the Cathedral, it is estimated that £1700 will be required for the repair of the gable and east and west sides of the north transept, and of the west side of the south transept. During the last twenty years the up-keep of the fabric has cost £36,000, and the renewal of the internal fittings another £30,000.

PERSONAL.

Geoffrey Henry Browne-Guthrie, third Baron Oranmore and Browne, has been elected a representative peer for Ireland, to sit in the House of Lords in the room of the late Lord Frankfort de Montmorency. Lord Oranmore was born on Jan. 6, 1861, the only son of the second Baron and Christina, daughter of Alexander Guthrie, Mount, Ayrshire. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he succeeded his father in 1901, and last year married the Hon. Olwen Verena Ponsonby.

Rear-Admiral William Hannam Henderson, the newly appointed Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, entered the Navy in 1859, became Sub-Lieutenant in 1864, Lieutenant in 1866, Commander in 1879, and Captain in 1886. In 1898-99 he was Commodore in the West Indian Squadron.

Lieutenant E. D. Johnson, the young officer of the London Rifle Brigade who won the King's Prize at Bisley, is an accountant, and was one of the earlier Volunteers for South Africa, returning in time to compete last year. His victory was most popular. Lieutenant Johnson had only to hit the target with his last shot to win from Private A. C. Samways. He fired, and, with an outer, carried off the marksman's blue ribbon.

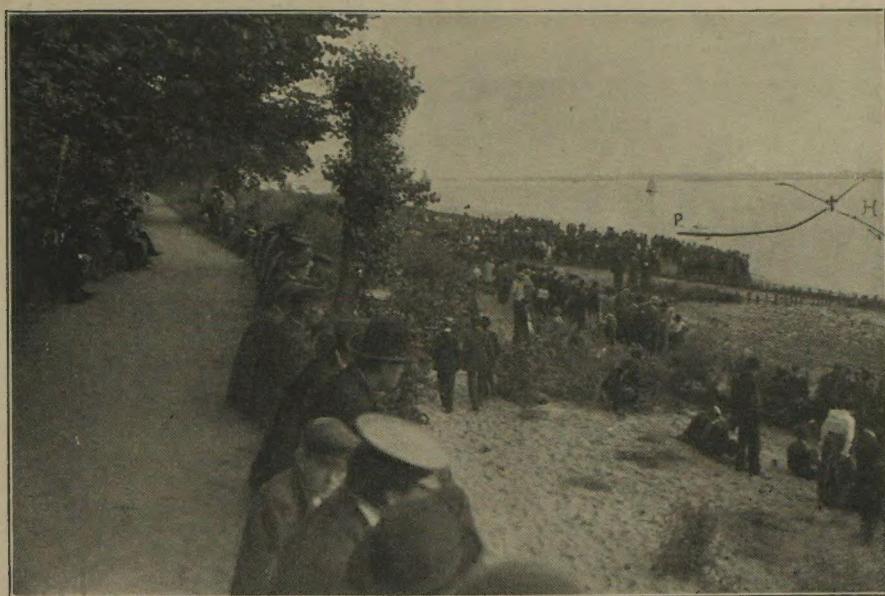
Cardinal Miescelaus Ledochowski, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, who died in Rome on July 22, was born of noble Russian parents in 1822, received his education from the Jesuits at the Collegium Nobilium, and became a priest in 1845. While Archbishop of Posen, from supporter of the Prussian Government he became the champion of Poland, with the result that, in 1874, he was condemned to two years' imprisonment in the military prison at Ostrowo, and was deprived of his Archbispocric by the Prussian Court for Ecclesiastical Causes.

On July 25 Princess Henry of Battenberg visited the Portsmouth Naval and Military Exhibition, and opened a new esplanade at Ryde.

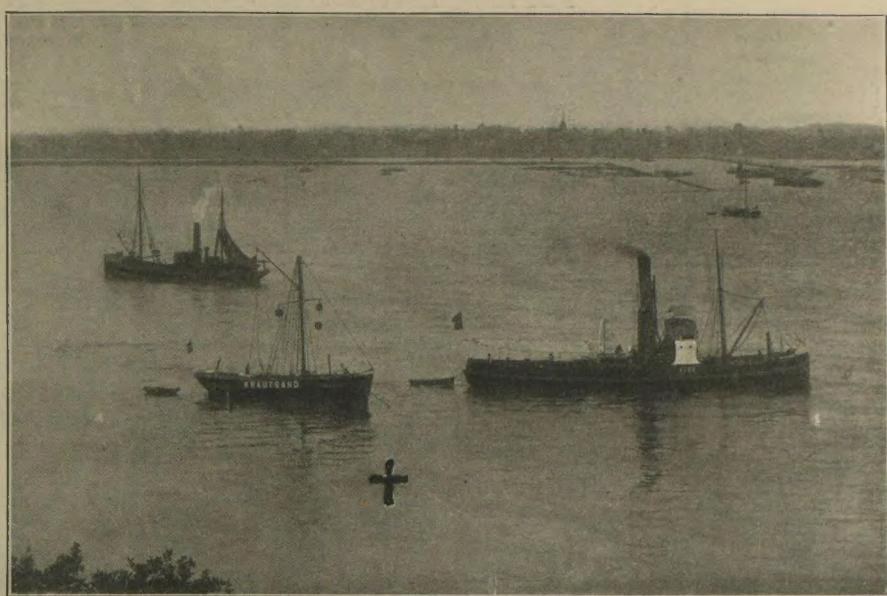


RAS MAKONEN IN PARIS: THE ABYSSINIAN ENVOY ON AN AUTOMOBILE AT CHALAISS-MEUDON.

When Ras Makonnen visited the Gévelot cartridge factory and the aerostatic works at Chalais-Meudon, he was driven on a motor-car by Colonel Renard, Commandant Ferrus was of the party. Ras Makonnen's suite followed in four motors. The Abyssinian was captivated by the new means of locomotion.



THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT, SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE VESSELS.



THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT, WITH THE STATE STEAMER ON GUARD OVER THE WRECK.



DIVER SHOWING THE POINT OF COLLISION TO OFFICIALS OF THE MARINE DEPARTMENT.



OFFICIALS OF THE MARINE DEPARTMENT STANDING UPON THE KEEL OF THE "PRIMUS."

THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE STEAMER "PRIMUS" AND THE TUG "HANSA" ON THE LOWER ELBE, JULY 21: SCENES AFTER THE DISASTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS BREUER.

The collision, which resulted in the loss of over a hundred lives, occurred near Blankenese. The "Primus," a pleasure steamer carrying 185 passengers, was practically cut in two by the tug "Hansa."



THE CHILDREN'S PROCESSION IN PRITCHARD STREET.

CORONATION DAY IN JOHANNESBURG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES.



THE KING'S COLUMN IN THE MARKET SQUARE.

THE DISTURBANCES IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A SCENE IN AN ALBANIAN BAZAAR.

On July 25 a conflict was reported to have taken place on the Turko-Servian frontier between a combined body of Albanians and Turkish Nizams and a band of Servian labourers and Frontier Guards. Several Servians were killed.

THE RELIGIOUS AGITATION IN PARIS.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



THE CLOSING OF THE NUNS' UNAUTHORISED SCHOOLS: DEMONSTRATION IN THE RUE ST. ROCH ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.

In accordance with the French Religious Associations Act, the schools and crèche of the Sisters of Providence in the Rue St. Roch were officially closed on July 22, amid noisy demonstrations of sympathy by the populace.

HIS NEIGHBOUR'S LANDMARK.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

COVERDALE jerked the cartridge-case out of his rifle. It fell, a black dot, upon wind-ribbed snow, and far below him, lodged in a cranny upon the mountain-side, an ibex kicked his last spasm, shivered, and was still. The report of the shot was bandied from rock to rock about the flank of the mountain; it called echoes from the naked, inaccessible spurs of a tableland that was ruffled with peaks as the ocean with waves.

The plateau formed the crest of a Himalayan watershed. A wind from unscaled heights seared the man's face; the plains of India were leagues away at his back, far south of the barrier across which he had toiled. Equally remote, in the rare, freezing breath of the ranges, was the comfort of the hill station he had left two months before. He was a speck of human dust upon virgin snows; a pioneer of sportsmen; one of the very few Englishmen who had ever looked upon that debatable land, the Khanate of Kir.

He had visited the little State years before, when the Khan had had the whim for a British engineer to build him bridges. The caprice had not been long a-dying, and Coverdale had been dismissed to a more prosaic drudgery in the Public Works Department, where life was safer and less exciting. He owed the Khan Sahib a little debt for that rude handling, for he had received only a sheaf of broken promises in payment of his service. Now, as his survey map explained to him, he was close to Kir once more—so close that half a day's march would put him across the frontier. He had set out as a hunter, content to go where the fortunes of the chase should lead him: he had become an explorer—perhaps, if he blew his own trumpet very loudly on his return, he would be a hero for half an hour. For he had climbed to Kir across the plateaus, and by a way that was his own—all, all his own. That, and the long shot at the ibex, were good things to hold in memory.

He had not only rediscovered Kir: he had happened upon it at one of its most-discussed, least-known corners. He gazed upon it with interest, remembering a covenant that was fluttering the official dovecotes in Nymoori. The silver thread that flashed at the sun—five thousand feet below could be nothing but the river Dâg; and thereby hung a tale.

The Khan of Kir was nominally an independent Sovereign. Actually, he was suspected of being already scooped into the Russian mesh. Once upon a recent time the Cossacks had hammered upon his western gates, and with their appearance men had bracketed his awakening from a long, mountain-locked indifference. The Russians had swallowed the last buffer state between their Asian Protectorates and Kir two years before, bones and all; and the clamour from the Khan that had startled Nymoori had a suggestive meaning, even as the squeaks of a puppet when the showman handles it. They *might* have originated in the Khan, but... He demanded cut-and-dried boundaries—he whose former interests (Coverdale remembered them) had been the intrigues of his circle and a tribal vendetta. He yapped at the British Lion, and that amenable beast had despatched a Boundary Commission, to be duly lied-to and frozen, and to draw the line between the State and the Empire in detail upon a parchment that was to be bond for evermore. . . . The Russian, when he gulped down Kir, would have no needless trouble with Indian map-makers in an inconvenient region. He would be able to digest his meal in unobtrusive peace, without fear of prying from the South. At least, that was how some people looked at it. . . . Coverdale had met the Boundary Commissioners before he started out: they were resting from their labours; and he had made it his business to talk to them. He was curious to learn their impressions of his late employer; for he knew that the ways of the Khan, like those of the Heathen Chinee, were peculiar.

His investigation did not give him a high opinion of the Commissioners, who had treated him with something of the lordly indifference that a mastiff shows to a terrier. They were stiff-necked—worse, they were cocksure. The Viceroy could have found an abler man for the business than Colonel Waterlow, buckrammed sapper; than

Wrigley, the twice-born; than Hollish, man of secretarial pens and paper. His name, in the opinion of the man upon the peak, was just Eustace Coverdale. But he was a mere civil engineer; and they were—the Lord-sahib's anointed. Coverdale did not dangle the C.S.I. upon his coat, and he had no gold-laced splendours. He turned his back upon Nymoori with an angry impatience at the complacence of the Commissioners concerning their work. He was sure that they had bungled it; and yet, by their telling, it was going to be a triumph—for British diplomacy. There had been much braying among Viceregal satellites about the business, though it was not yet sealed and published to the world. Coverdale gazed, therefore, at the borders of Kir with a hot recollection of his zeal for knowledge and the snubs to which it had led him.

Waterlow had been very strong on the point they had scored over the river Dâg. So had Hollish, and Wrigley. It appeared by their story that the Khan was an enthusiast for natural boundaries—so enthusiastic that when, as frequently happened, the limits of his dominions were vague and ill-defined, and in need of reconstruction, he let the Commissioners squeeze him back, at their pleasure, behind a mountain, or a chain of peaks, or on to the northern bank of a stream. He was very willing to make sacrifices to his whim, and the Commissioners had chuckled openly at the advantages he had given them. They had only to lay the formation of a country-side before his notice, and he gave concessions with both hands.

That was Waterlow's version; Coverdale, who remembered that it had not been the later custom of the Khan to give up anything that Russian interests might find useful, lent a sceptical ear to it. And in particular he marvelled at the mutual accommodation upon the banks of the Dâg. Now it seemed that he was to be able to judge the country in question for himself, if he thought the puzzle worth half a day's hard climbing. The green glint of a snow-fed river had become more interesting, suddenly, than the finest pair of horns in Asia. He shouted to the *shikarri* that he was going on alone; and he began to scramble down to a lower level.

Kir had been upon both sides of the Dâg; and the Khan, sooner than spoil the coincident trend of red-line and river, had voluntarily drawn his borders back across the stream, and handed over a strip of the most fertile valley in the mountain-lands. Coverdale marvelled exceedingly when the tale was told; for he had once been through the ground in question during his brief service, and he knew its worth. The thing was inexplicable: he had given up attempting to fit solution to it until that moment. Curiosity had returned to him upon the crag. He was within sight of the very spot, it seemed—ten miles nearer to it than he had thought it possible to be. He congratulated himself upon the miscalculation that must, he decided, have brought him so much further north than he suspected. Then he set his face towards it, and made up his mind for a tussle with the steeps.

He battled his way from the snowfields to the bare brown precipices, the frowning cliffs, the boulder-strewn declivities that propped them to the skies. It was a long, weary, hazardous scramble, and if Coverdale had not been as tough as leather, he must have been beaten by the difficulties that met him at every step: but he struggled on; the labour was worth undertaking, and it was worth, he assured himself as he counted his growing army of bruises, worrying through to the end when once it was undertaken.

So he came to the last slope above the river on the British side. There was a scanty herbage, and some stunted pines had plucked up heart to grow; there were, too, violet roots. The heights from whence he had descended broke the arch of the sky behind him. The place seemed a paradise after the barren tableland; he sprawled upon the pine-needles, and snuffed their breath luxuriantly into his lungs. He ate his lunch; and between the mouthfuls he focussed his field-glasses again, and spied out the Promised Land.

He studied it very minutely. There were some puzzling peculiarities in it that called for attention. For one thing, there was a patch upon the northern bank. Magnified, it appeared as a swarm of bustling atoms; and though

they were only specks in the field of vision, the engineer's eye told him that they were workmen—coolies—who were digging, excavating, grubbing about an angle in the river's course.

It was odd—very odd. Coverdale peered again. He was half inclined to think his memory was playing him false. But the map! Could the map lie too?

He took it out of his pocket and spread it upon the needles. Then he proceeded to trace a careful finger over the features of the scene. But the map and the landscape refused to coincide; and again he reflected, and knitted his brows.

The river should have had a sugar-loaf mountain and a saddleback upon its southern side; the lowest pass in the country scored a deep weal between them. There should have been villages dotted about, and scratches of cultivated acres. Apricot-trees, he remembered, had grown beside the stream; the valley was, for the bad lands, warm and prosperous.

Well! That was what should have been. What Coverdale really saw was a river that swung round as it debouched from a deep defile, and that drove its way through desolation; that had no orchards, no villages about it; and that washed the *southern* side of the few landmarks he was able to identify. The saddleback and the sugar-loaf were there; but they were on the wrong bank! He stared incredulously, and he saw the slit of the pass gaping between them.

The binocular covered the coolie swarm once more. This time the scrutiny, which included a review of that sparkling streak about which the men were so busy, brought enlightenment. For five minutes Coverdale sat motionless, his eyes dilating, his gaze fixed; and then he cast the glasses from him, and rolled over on his back with a ringing burst of laughter.

Years before, it had been the business of the one British engineer in the service of the Khan to plan a bridge across the Dâg. He was to span the entrance to the valley oasis, because there the waters were nipped between the hills. The Khan himself had pointed out the position it was to take, and he had showed, too, how a freak of Nature had served his country. For aforesight the river had made a semicircular sweep to the south, through an inhospitable area of rocks and chasms, until the day when a kindly landslip slid suddenly into the stream and diverted its course. It was a fine piece of natural engineering, and it turned the meagre tributary that had watered the valley into a very respectable river.

Coverdale knew all that. It enabled him to solve the enigma of the Khan's plasticity. It explained, likewise, why the Intelligence Department had remarked upon a rumour that Kir was buying dynamite. The Khan had laid in a stock of that handy explosive, and with it he had blasted the heart out of the landslip wall, and freed the river to its old bed once more.

And the reason? It was a big, expensive job to tackle, and it meant a bad time for the valley folk. . . . Yes! But by its accomplishment he had scooped out a wedge of indisputably British territory, as a man might hollow a cheese; and he had thereby taken unto himself the key to the mountains—the pass. It belonged (if the treaty had been signed) to Kir: an army of Russians, for example—might mass behind it, stream through it, burst, by virtue of their possession of it, headlong across the borders of the Queen. There was ample room now to re-form and spread upon the Indian side of the pass, and still to be behind the new course of the river.

So much for the mild manners of an enlightened Khan, and the astuteness of the chosen three! So much for the unconcern with which his Highness had seen himself stripped here and there of a few useless acres, sprats with which to catch a mackerel. So much for the *bandobast* of Wrigley, Hollish, and Co.!

Coverdale alternatively held his sides and wiped his eyes. The laugh was with him, and oh! but it was sweet.

“Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark!” he quoted aloud. “Just so, Khan Sahib Bahadur. You'll remember that by-and-by. . . . Cunning old fox! And, oh dear me, how pleased that fool Waterlow will be to know the wily tribesman has had him—on toast! May I be there to see! And now I



There was no time to waste.

“HIS NEIGHBOUR’S LANDMARK.”

suppose I had better get back to camp, and scurry off to Nymoori as fast as I can travel."

He turned about and stood up, dusting the pine needles from his knees. As he moved there was a sharp *whiz* past his ear, and a bullet kicked up the ground on his right. He started, and another bullet flicked a strip of bark from the nearest tree. Two rifles cracked below; their threat was multiplied fourfold by the barking echoes. Then there came a deadly silence; and Coverdale understood that the ways of a Khan are not learned cheaply. Somebody else had had long sight too, and someone else, detached from the cluster that was helping the river to turn a corner more comfortably, was profiting by its use. Coverdale, the onlooker, had forgotten that he would be a fairly conspicuous object on the heights: it seemed as if he were about to pay for that neglect. It was not in the Khan's interest that he should return to civilisation.

To stay upon the hillside meant death; to show himself against the rocks in flight meant, too, the swift pursuit of a bullet. Coverdale hesitated for a moment, to consider his chances, and as he paused the lull was broken by the far tinkle-tinkle of a stone. Somebody, covered by the overhanging boulders, was edging his way upwards from the right. And presently another stone slipped into the unseen on the left.

It was *not* expedient to sit still and be shot like a dog, without even catching a glimpse of the enemy—not, at least, when a man owned the nimblest English toes in the country. Coverdale sprang at the slope down which he had descended, and swung himself up and on, zig-zagging a corkscrew flight upon the face of the mountain. There were shivers about his spine when he turned his back to the danger. He did not know how much ground his pursuers had gained during his seconds of stupefaction.

Piff-Paff! They were firing wildly, but they were perceptibly nearer. The engineer tore at the stubborn rocks as he hauled himself over them: he had conceived a stratagem, and he did not want an unkind Fate to cripple him before he tried it. He looked ahead, and he saw a great jagged elbow looming over the *khud* above him, a hundred yards away. There was level ground behind that, a terrace of rock, and then a wilderness of stones ran on to the skirts of the snow. After that, the men who popped their heads up from below would be quite as disadvantageously placed as their quarry.

He conquered yard after yard of the ascent, and twice he flattened himself out as a bullet skimmed past his ears. There were still only the two; but no doubt, if he could have afforded the time in which to look, he would have seen that the master away there, far, far below, was watching the three sky-mounting dots with a hand ready to his reserves.

Coverdale leapt suddenly at the elbow, gripped it, wriggled his legs over its edge, and was up. And even as he mounted he gave a rasping shout, and tossed his arms in the air. His action coincided with the smack of a bullet upon the solid rock. He flung himself face downward, his helmet protruding over the crest, and listened for a second. Then he squirmed out of the helmet, away to the cover of the stones behind the level. He reached them, panting, as the pursuers showed heads on either side of the elbow.

The comedy had been for the spectator in the underworld; the empty helmet was for the others. They had not the least doubt but that it covered a lifeless brain, or, at least, an unconscious one. Therefore they advanced cheerfully, their rifles in careless hands, their knives at side—as pretty a pair of corkscrew-ringleted, unwashed border ruffians as the dominions of the Khan could furnish.

For twenty minutes Coverdale had participated in the sensations of the hunted, as compared with his normal condition of the hunter, and he found leisure in his ambuscade to remark that there was singularly little enjoyment in the game, from the new point of view. He set his teeth, however, grimly, and cursed the speed of climbing which had made his trigger-finger just perceptibly

unsteady. It was one thing to risk a neck after ibex upon a virgin peak: it was quite another to thrust oneself into the way of killing men—or of being killed. His eyes sought the hard, pale blue of the sky for a moment. It was afternoon; there were four hours to dark. If he could get through them alive he would have a better chance under cover of night than in the present daylight. And if he mastered odds of two to one—

The Kiris swarmed over the boulders like a pair of cats. Perhaps they had been chosen for their agility and in forgetfulness of a proverb (if Kir had heard it) which insists that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Yet they were not unhandy, and even as they looked amazedly from an empty helmet to the winkle of a rifle behind a rock, they swung their weapons to shoulder and prepared to thresh out this business of ambuscade and counter-cunning.

"Ah! would you?" snapped Eustace Coverdale, and he fired at the foremost. He was answered by the harmless discharge of a rifle, as its owner staggered, lurched, and dropped into the pose of one who sleeps upon his face, and sleeps too well for waking. It was instantaneous death. He turned in the very instant of its occurrence to his other foe, covering him at point-blank range; and he met his motion of surrender with a command in the Kiri tongue to hold up empty hands and walk forward. Then, leaving his place of concealment,

borderland of the Empire had suddenly lost its attractions; and it was not until he was nodding wearily on ponyback, his followers jingling supperless after him through the starlit defiles, that he remembered the ibex horns for which he had endured so much were among the impedimenta that had been scattered about the deserted camping-place.

"I don't think we will sign the border-treaty just yet," said the Viceroy suavely to Colonel Waterlow a month later, when the Commissioners appeared in answer to a special summons.

The trio stared. They stared longer when their eyes fell upon a ragged, travel-stained young man in a most disreputable shooting-coat, who was closeted with the great man. Coverdale enjoyed the interview that followed: it made amends for some loss of property and flesh across the mountain byways, and for the fear of pursuit that had kept him sleepless and alert for a week of vigilant nights and days, until he had dropped Kir too far away for likely mischief. But he had not wasted half an hour during those weary marches; and in the end he had burst into the Viceregal presence all uncleanly and unshaven. He chuckled when, the meeting over, he went to take a bath.

"There's the outrage to a British subject upon our territory, too, to consider," the Viceroy had said. "We should be able to make use of that. I shall be glad to consult Mr. Coverdale again when he has—er—recovered

from his fatigue. He seems to be a very practical, prompt young man; and we want men who can grasp a situation in this Empire." He was a Viceroy who knew how to discard a useless tool, and who did it remorselessly when the measure seemed good to him.

It was not nice for the Boundary Commissioners. There was much laughter, and they had a poor sense of humour. They retired into obscurity. And it was not pleasant, either, for a Power which did not want the cold light of publicity thrown upon its work in the early stages. No kindly aid was proffered to the Khan in his hour of an embarrassment, and he floundered out of the mess alone and unsupported, feeling that the bottom had dropped out of his universe, and that there was no one to replace it. Neither could his engineering exploit be undone; and the river

Dág remains for some leagues of its length an Indian river to this day, while a once prosperous Kiri valley languishes for its embrace. The Pass is watched now by the Argus eyes of the Frontier Force: it is more likely to vomit swarms of hard-bitten Punjabis northwards than it is to swallow the vanguard of the Cossack hordes. It is admitted that, from a menace to Imperial safety, Kir—its thorns extracted—has become a really efficient buffer.

Coverdale is now a Political Agent: he was floated into the Department by the high tide of Viceregal gratitude, and he cuts a very decent figure in the gold-laced splendours that have come, late in life, to adorn his person. Fortune, this history would seem to show, really does favour the deserving occasionally. The Khan of Kir possibly regrets that his desire for the services of an English engineer were not longer-lived. But some people are glad that the event was ordered otherwise.

THE END.

THE NAVAL DEPÔT INSPECTION.

The Lords of the Admiralty began their inspection of Portsmouth on July 22. On the first day, Lord Selborne, Lord Walter Kerr, and their colleagues considered new proposals and inspected 4000 men of the Naval Depôt, the Clarence Victualling Yard, the magazines, and Haslar Naval Hospital. On the second day their Lordships attended a review on Southsea Common of the two local divisions of Marines, drawn up in four battalions. The Lords first inspected the lines, and a march-past followed. Thereafter a visit was paid to the new Naval Barracks, and the afternoon was devoted to an inspection of the Dockyard. On the third day their Lordships witnessed gunnery experiments.



THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY INSPECTING THE SEAMEN OF THE NAVAL DEPÔT AT PORTSMOUTH.

he stepped out and contemplated the problem of his prisoner.

"Who are you, that would hunt an Englishman as a man hunts mountain deer?" he said. "Turn your back to me for a moment. So . . . I must clip your claws, my friend, before I go."

He bound the man, tripped him up, and left him to reflection among the boulders, and to the company of his less lucky fellow. There was no time to waste. One look below showed the engineer that the pursuit was not yet to be accounted at an end: this time he would have nothing but his start to count upon, and, since every ounce would tell in the long scramble, he flung gun and cartridge-belt away, and fled, defenceless, for his life. And one evidence of the pace of his flight, at least, he found when he overtook his shikari upon the downward slope of the mountain, intent upon a withdrawal which had begun before Coverdale had been able to retreat. They ran neck and neck then, and neither master nor man stood upon the order of his going.

It sounds a tame achievement, to cover the miles at the spur of apprehension; but it is nevertheless true that every step upon the shifting banks of stone, every stumble and stride by rocky pinnacle, and shale slope, and dizzy precipice, was a success snatched from a very real foe. Once, when they paused to breathe, in an incautiousness born of their need, against a telling background, the stones ten yards below them spattered up, and once again, as they dropped, they heard the bullets sing past their ears until they were re-covered by the twisting hills. But the pursuers were not good at a long range, and they were hampered by their guns. By the time the sunset had come, Coverdale was able to draw breath, and make plans for his forced marches. The



THE NEW WHITE HELMET FOR THE CITY POLICE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

On July 23 a number of City constables went forth experimentally equipped with a white pith helmet as a protection against tropical heat. The weather, unfortunately, was bleak and rainy, and the policemen cut a somewhat sorry figure in the wet. Pavement wits improved the opportunity.



THE RESTORED WEST FRONT OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

Photo. Blackman.

On July 23 services were held at Peterborough by the Archbishop of Canterbury to celebrate the completion of the restoration works, which have occupied seven years. The two great piers were out of the perpendicular, and the arches and gables were cracked. These faults have now been corrected, and ninety tons of dust and rubbish removed from the masonry.



REVIEW BEFORE THE CZAR AND KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III.
The Czaritsa also witnessed the review.

THE ITALIAN ROYAL YACHT "CARLO ALBERTO," WITH THE KING ON BOARD, AT CRONSTADT.
The rowing-boat on the left contains the Czar.

THE CZAR AND THE KING OF ITALY REVIEWING THE TROOPS AT TSARSKOYE SELO.

VICTOR EMMANUEL RECEIVING OFFICERS OF THE LITHAU REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS,
OF WHICH HE IS HONORARY COLONEL.

THE KING OF ITALY'S ARRIVAL AT ST. PETERSBURG: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING
THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE SAMAR REGIMENT.

THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CZAR'S OWN CUIRASSIER REGIMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BULLA, ST. PETERSBURG.



THE GRAND DUKES VLADIMIR AND PAUL LEADING THE REGIMENT PAST THE EMPEROR.



THE CZAR, WITH THE COMMANDER OF THE REGIMENT, RIDING ALONG THE LINE.



THE CONSOLATION OF THE NEW COLOURS: THE CZAR ON THE RIGHT OF THE STANDARD.



THE COMMANDER AND FORMER COMMANDERS OF THE REGIMENT TAKING LEAVE OF THE OLD STANDARD.



THE SOLDIERS TAKING LEAVE OF THE OLD STANDARD BEFORE ITS CONSIGNMENT TO THE ARCHIVES.

LORD KITCHENER'S VISIT TO THE INDIAN TROOPS AT HAMPTON COURT, JULY 22.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL



INDIAN OFFICERS INTRODUCED TO LORD KITCHENER.

Before the inspection all the British officers of the Indian contingent were introduced to Lord Kitchener. After the march past all the native officers were presented.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND LORD KITCHENER INSPECTING THE INDIAN TROOPS AT HAMPTON COURT.

Lord Kitchener was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Major-General Trotter. Lord Kitchener first inspected the lines and then witnessed a march past.

THE SANDHURST OUTBREAKS: LORD ROBERTS' OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE COLLEGE

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SANDHURST



LORD ROBERTS AND GENERAL IAN HAMILTON LEAVING THE GYMNASIUM, SANDHURST.

At his usual half-yearly inspection of the Royal Military College, Lord Roberts took the opportunity of administering a severe rebuke to the cadets on the quietus of the recent outbreak. He is due next December to be able to congratulate the cadets on their having got rid of the plague.



A PRIVY COUNCIL AT SEA: COUNCILLORS ARRIVING ALONGSIDE HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AT COWES ON JULY 26.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM SKETCHES BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COWES.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord James of Hereford, and Mr. Almeric Fitzroy, Clerk of the Council, sailed from Portsmouth to Cowes on the "Albert," whence they proceeded to the "Victoria and Albert." The King signed a Proclamation fixing the Coronation for August 9, and another appointing that day a Bank Holiday. The Councillors stayed on board his Majesty's yacht for about two hours.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Conquest of Charlotte. A Romance. By David S. Meldrum. (London: Blackwood, 6s.)
The Dark o' the Moon. By S. R. Crockett. (London: Macmillans, 6s.)
The New Christians. By Percy White. (London: Hutchinson, 6s.)
Brinton Eliot. By James Eugene Farmer. (London: Macmillans, 6s.)
The Siege of Lady Resolute. By Harris Dickson. (London: Harper and Brothers, 6s.)
All the Russias: Travels and Studies in Contemporary European Russia, Finland, Siberia, the Caucasus, and Central Asia. By Henry Norman, M.P. With 137 Illustrations. (London: Heinemann, 18s.)
Siam in the Twentieth Century. By J. G. D. Campbell. (London: Edward Arnold, 16s.)
The Story of the Mormons. By William Alexander Linn. (London and New York: Macmillans, 17s.)
A Duchess in Difficulties: A Story of Modern Manners. By Major Arthur Griffiths. (London: White, 6s.)

Qualities entirely individual distinguish Mr. D. S. Meldrum's latest work, "The Conquest of Charlotte," which, appearing at a very considerable interval after his first essays in fiction, "Margrédel" and "Grey Mantle and Gold Fringe," amply fulfils the promise of these earlier works. His main theme is still the kingdom of Fife and its people, though artistic relief is afforded by changes of scene to London and Holland. The author is entirely justified in categorically calling his story "a romance," for it may claim to be the most purely romantic Scottish novel of recent years. We have had class sentiment and realism, detached and focussed with perhaps too much intensity. Here we attain a fuller view of society, and there is that interaction between the county gentry, the burgher classes, substantial or humble, and the country folk, which is the marrow of romance. The psychology of the work is daring. Mr. Meldrum has chosen to write the life of a man constitutionally bad; but in drawing "Rab the Rascal" he has avoided the Miltonic pitfall of exalting his evil principle to heroism. He holds a just balance, and while contriving by careful artifice never to inspire false sympathy for Rab, he yet makes him a very fascinating blackguard. It is another novel without a hero, as David Shirra, the narrator, well knows; but to compensate, there are two heroines, the elder and younger Charlette, both exquisite in their womanliness. To outline the story would be to do author and reader an injustice, so closely wrought and essential is every thread. Insight, humour, a pungent wit, and pathos that is always restrained, mark the characterisation of the major and minor actors, and the author shows a deft hand in painting nature. That he works by subtle suggestion rather than by direct statement may proclaim him of the school of Meredith, if discipleship be rightly sought for where so much is original. Not at an inopportune moment has Mr. Meldrum restored to Scottish fiction the broadly human and gentlemanly touch of the older masters.

In "The Dark o' the Moon" Mr. Crockett is back on old ground. The sub-title describes it as being "certain further histories of the folk called the 'Raiders.'" Silver-sand and Hector Faa figure in it again; the heroine is Hector Faa's reputed daughter Joyce, and the hero young Maxwell Heron. There is a second heroine, Marion of the Isle, who, masquerading in men's clothes, is known as Dick of the Isle, the leader of the Levellers. Besides there is a host of characters — the hero's father and mother, the Minister of Minnigaff, Captain Austin Tredennis, Jasper Jimmie, Harry Polwart, and a score more. As we have come to expect from Mr. Crockett, there is abundance of incident as well as of characters. Unfortunately, as we have come to expect also from him, Mr. Crockett does not do either his incidents or his characters justice. His story does not cohere. He does not give it a chance to cohere. He writes at top speed, and for finish he takes not a thought. The consequence is that his invention is wasted. His book is absolutely without charm; to tell the truth, for once he is rather a bore as a story-teller.

Mr. Percy White is a smart writer, and "The New Christians" is an entertaining book. But it lacks something, though we find it difficult to say exactly what. Perhaps the follies of a fashionable religion are not a happy theme. They are scarcely general enough to afford a subject for the social satirist. As a matter of fact, we are not introduced to half-a-dozen New Christians in all. Lady Elsmuir, with her husband, the curio-collector, gives Mr. White an opportunity which he is not slow to take. Again, Mrs. Galbraith is a portrait which shows his ability to paint in subtler shades. But the central character, Eustice Fenner, the leader in London of the New Christians, though drawn with a great deal of care, is not particularly convincing; and certainly he is not typical. Much the best study in the book is Mr. Selby, the father of the heroine. He is an elderly gentleman, of colossal selfishness, by whose hand the pin is stuck into the bubble of Eustice Fenner's reputation. We may repeat, Mr. White has written an entertaining, but not an entirely satisfactory book.

Brinton Eliot is a student at Yale a few years before the American Revolution. He helps Washington to whip the British, and his story ends with the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Part of his time is spent in France, where he helps Benjamin Franklin to impress upon the French Government the virtues of the revolting colonies. He has an interview with Louis XVI., who shows him how to make locks, and he incurs the displeasure of the British Ambassador, who hires a ruffian to kill him. It appears to have been the habit of British Ambassadors to attempt the murder of young Americans who dared to stand up for freedom. There is a British major, who becomes an earl, and is rather more obnoxious as an earl than he was as a major. This is the kind of stuff that Mr. James Eugene Farmer considers good enough for patriotic American readers. It is a pity, for the first hundred pages of this book are very pleasant reading. They give a picture of life at Yale some hundred and thirty years ago, and are written with taste and spirit.

When a hero of romance flourishes in the seventeenth century, and is named César Saint-Maurice, Count of Chateaunoir, we may be sure that he will kill somebody or other in fair fight, and win a beautiful lady after much tribulation. Such, indeed, is the story Mr. Dickson tells us. The manner of it may be judged from one sentence: "Saint-Maurice stood upright in the door, his face blazing with wrath, but radiant with the smile of manhood's strong redemption." From this it is plain that Mr. Dickson has vague ideas as to the value of words. The wrath and the redemption lead to a duel; and having slain the colonel of his regiment, a very bad man, César Saint-Maurice rides away on "a great gray horse." It takes him eight years to remove a misunderstanding from his sweetheart's mind, she being the "Lady Resolute" who is besieged through the story. Mr. Dickson writes for very simple-minded readers, and not for wicked reviewers; but we fancy that even the most simple-minded and leisurely reader will be a trifle bored before he reaches the end.

Mr. Henry Norman has produced a very entertaining book of travels in Russia, written in rather a flamboyant style and bristling with inaccuracies, which is nevertheless likely to serve a useful purpose, for it is calculated to give the superficial British reading public a superficial idea of Russia, and that is certainly something. It may be misleading to entitle a chapter devoted to a description of the Caucasus, "The Frosty Caucasus," seeing that the Caucasus is not exceptionally frosty, and very much less so than Moscow or St. Petersburg, for

nothing to say of the Tartar town of Kazan, and of the other curious races who inhabit the banks of this river. Mr. Norman is, however, a great admirer of M. de Witte, and takes a very optimistic view of the industrial development of Russia. Perhaps his book may do good. It is, at any rate, admirably illustrated.

Two years of work as Educational Adviser to the Siamese Government afforded Mr. Campbell excellent opportunities of gauging the possibilities of "Siam in the Twentieth Century." He writes indulgently, almost affectionately, of the charming people with whom he was brought into close and constant contact; but concerning the future of the race he has doubts, which apparently he tries hard to drive from his own mind. The future of Siam, as the only remaining native state in tropical Asia, presents questions of peculiar interest. Given a rich and fertile country, a people comparable in their amiability, indolence, and love of pleasure only to the Burmese, an immovable, and, we must admit, natural, contentment with the condition of things as they are, there is small hope of "progress" as understood in Europe. "The Siamese, taken as a nation, seem to be almost wholly destitute of business capacity or political aptitude." An enlightened King has done his best to improve administrative methods; but his Ministers, with rare exceptions, regard their "advisers" as necessary evils; and the enthusiastic adviser whose advice is never adopted grows to take a pardonably hopeless view of affairs. When the Minister of Public Instruction suddenly removes all the paving-stones from the principal school in the capital to present them to the King for his new palace, the conscientious adviser may write of "the incurable levity of the Siamese" without reproach. Previous writers have given us admirable accounts of the country and people, but it was left to Mr. Campbell to set out in vivid colours the utter incompatibility of the native character and sound administration. His book is the work of a thoughtful and broad-minded man, who has not permitted somewhat disheartening experiences to colour honest but kindly judgment.

If the Mormons are not already dead, socially and politically, Mr. William Alexander Linn's "Story of the Mormons" should give their organisation the *coup-de-grace*. He deals with the subject from the days of Joseph Smith junior down to the time of Woodruff's Proclamation, and though there is in his writing a decided animus against Mormonism, the facts supplied seem to justify it. To the author, and presumably to the great majority of his readers, the movement that owes its inception to Joseph Smith junior and that half-forgotten worthy, Sidney Rigdon, was at no time better than an elaborate confidence trick, supported by the grossest impositions in the way of miracles. As the author observes, there is no limit to human credulity, and no prophets are without followers, however absurd their pretensions. There are hundreds of individuals ready to believe anything and anybody, and the chief interest attaching to Mr. Linn's book arises from its comprehensive survey of the inner history of the movement—the method by which believers were duped. Joseph Smith and Brigham Young did not achieve their curious positions without the hardest work and the most elaborate system of management, and they must have had great natural gifts to enable them to survive the innumerable exposures from which their "religion" has suffered. Many writers have testified to the happiness and tranquillity they have found in cities of the Mormons; but it is not easy to credit the founders and engineers of the movement with any share in this result. Men and women can be happy under the strangest conditions, for happiness is more a question of temperament than surroundings, and Mr. Linn's plain writing about the Latter-day Saints leaves no room for belief in their integrity or convictions. Whether in Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, or Utah, their story repeats itself, and a very sorry page of history it makes, one that should have entailed upon its makers the severest penalty of the law instead of the wealth and comparative honour that came to them. Unfortunately there are abundant signs that the Mormons have not exhausted the possibilities of credulity, and we look forward to the time when some faithful historian will do for Dr. Dowie what Mr. Linn has done for Joseph Smith and his followers in the way of faithful biography.

The modern manners exemplified in Major Arthur Griffiths' "A Duchess in Difficulties" are not such as would be countenanced by those ingenuous ladies who, hiding what should be interesting identities under advisory "Aunt Susan" pen-names, freely instruct Amaryllis and her swains in the art of good behaviour. The foolish Duchess's difficulties, from the moment she leaves her husband after a quarrel, the cause for which is provided by the usual overdue bill, and the resulting charge and counter-charge of extravagance and meanness, are many — Domenico Imossi, an unscrupulous Italian financier; Mrs. Mazarine, blind in her love for him, and so his dupe; Captain Loftus of her Majesty's Scarlet Hussars, who falls in love with the supposed Mrs. Everard; General Marten, who plays the detective as clumsily as a gentleman; and her husband. Those of the Duke are quite as many, though of a different kind. Not the least of his troubles is to keep the knowledge of his wife's desertion from his world, a manoeuvre rendered moderately successful for a time by the announced illness of his wife from fever, probably smallpox — this, doubtless, for topicality. The novel shows unmistakable signs of hurried work, even in the proof-reading. Witness the following: "Somers, with others, left the train at Taplow; but unlike them, who proceeded by cab or carriage direct to the river, she walked down the hill" — and so on. It is precisely the kind of story one expects to see as a *feuilleton* in a cheap paper, and its only partisans are likely to be found among those who derive consolation from the reminder that a Duke's robe, after all, only covers a man, and that even a Duchess can be foolish.



A WANDERING BEGGAR, TIFLIS.

Reproduced from "All the Russias," by permission of Mr. W. Heinemann.

instance. But what does that matter? It sounds popular and catches the eye, and the eye is what Mr. Norman wishes to catch. When he tells us that the domes of Russian churches are blue, we are impressed by the picturesqueness of his style. People who have visited and lived in Russia know that when the domes of Russian churches are not green, they are gold or silver, but the effect is very much the same, and to the British public who have never been to Russia, a trifling inaccuracy of this kind can make no difference. Mr. Norman tells us that his book is the outcome "of fifteen years' interest in Russian affairs, culminating in four journeys — one of nearly 20,000 miles — in European and Asiatic Russia." The above sentence is a typical specimen of Mr. Norman's literary style; it is not without its bathos, for a few lines lower down he confesses that notwithstanding his interest of fifteen years "culminating," etc., he has not mastered the Russian language, and depended to great extent upon the services of "a young Russian gentleman, a student at the University of Moscow," who acted as his interpreter. After this confession it is interesting to read that his, Mr. Norman's, "rendering of Russian proper names exhibits certain inconsistencies," but that he has "endeavoured to follow a simple and accurate system of transliteration." The simplicity we are prepared to indorse, but the accuracy is more questionable. While possessing that valuable gift, a picturesque style, Mr. Norman is, we fear, deficient in powers of observation; there is consequently very little in his book that can with any truthfulness be called instructive. For instance, one of the most fascinating districts he visited is the region of the Volga; but here he seems to have seen none of those things which strike the average traveller. The 250,000 German colonists who settled here in the eighteenth century, and have preserved their manners and customs, escaped his notice; he has



Photo, Pietzner, Vienna.
H.R.H. THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA-ESTE.



Photo, Levitsky, St. Petersburg.
H.R.H. THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.



Photo, Schaarwächter, Berlin.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA (DUKE OF ALBANY).



Photo, Bettini, Leghorn.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF AOSTA.



Photo, Russell
H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.



Photo, Dorey.
H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.

NEW ROYAL KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.



PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG INSPECTING THE PORTSMOUTH NAVAL AND MILITARY EXHIBITION.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

The exhibition, opened by Princess Henry on July 25, is in aid of naval and military charities.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It has frequently formed a subject of scientific discussion whether, as a nation, we are physically superior, inferior, or equal to our forefathers. Various answers have been given to the question, "Are we decaying physically?" and from the multitude of replies that the inquiry has evoked it would appear that a definite response to the question is most difficult to obtain or to formulate. We are reminded, for example, that when at an Eglinton tournament, held years ago, some of Lord Eglinton's guests tried to array themselves in the armour of past epochs, they found the trappings too small. This solitary instance, however, does not prove much, if, indeed, it contributes anything at all to the solution of the general question of national decadence. The guests at the tournament probably represented well-nourished and fairly athletic men, and in any case a deduction concerning the national physique could hardly be drawn from an isolated illustration applicable to what we may call a selected class.

Turning to wider fields, we meet with the opinion that the modern devotion to athletics, to cricket, football, cycling, and the like, tends to counteract the effect of city and sedentary life, which is regarded as one of the main causes of decadence. Doubtless there is nothing more excellent than the encouragement, amongst the young especially, of athletics; and that physical culture must tend to oppose deterioration in physique goes without saying. Only here, again, it is just possible we may be applying to the whole nation what really affects a small portion only; and, besides, we may be also ignoring conditions—such as those of food and feeding, housing, and the like—that exert a far more decided influence for good or evil, as the case may be, than the practice of athletics. The deeper causes of national decadence require consideration, and some of them are being commented upon almost daily by sanitarians and sociologists.

One of the most recent utterances on the subject is that of Sir J. Crichton Browne, M.D. As President of the Medical Section of the International Congress for the Welfare and Protection of Children, held lately in London, he said that statistics proved the existence of a very serious and real phase of physical decadence. Some of his figures were extremely interesting. Referring to the measurements of boys of all ages employed in jute-mills in Dundee, for example, Sir J. Crichton Browne said they fell short of the normal standards both in height and in weight. Between the ages of eleven and twelve years these boys measure 4 ft. 2 in. in height, and weigh 62 lb. This is an average calculation. If they were developed up to what is the normal standard for lads of that age, their height should be 4 ft. 52 in., and their weight 72 lb. We are standing on surer ground here, because the figures refer to a class, the average of which as regards development is known.

With regard to the girls employed in Dundee factories, it was shown that when their normal height and weight are considered, they also fall below the standard. They are on the average 5 lb. light and 12 in. short thereof. I do not say that it is easy to account exactly for this decadence, represented evidently throughout a class of workers, and probably paralleled by like operations elsewhere; but if we are to believe Sir J. Crichton Browne and other distinguished men, the causes are not difficult of determination. In the first place, there is a lack of nourishing food-material represented in the lives of these units. Their nutrition in infancy is not carried out on proper principles, and the ill-nourished sapling becomes a stunted tree. In the higher classes, Sir J. Crichton Browne attributes decadence, as he put it, to the tendency of mothers to delegate the duties of maternity to feeding-bottles and French maids. Whether this charge be true or not—personally, I am afraid it is by no means an over-coloured indictment—one thing is certain, that no condition can be of greater importance in determining the formation of a healthy frame than sound nutrition during the whole period of growth.

Yet another statement worthy of notice is found in the address of Sir J. Crichton Browne. He tells us that no less than 30 per cent. of the population of Britain are underfed. This result is found despite the tendency of population to crowd into towns, 77 per cent. being city dwellers, and the remainder country denizens. My observation of the food-habits of the masses leads me to believe that it would be as near the truth to say that the masses are improperly fed, as to say they are underfed. For example, in rural districts in Scotland where milk was to be had in plenty it is now scarce. It is all sent off to the city, where it realises a good price. The rural children are fed on bread and tea and cheap jams, and even oatmeal has passed into the background as a staple article of diet in very many districts. This system of feeding is not that calculated to raise a race of stalwarts, and when we turn to the townsfolk, we see in the anaemic faces, the lack of sound teeth, and the stunting of their bodies, evidence of deterioration due to misuse of food. They have to eat, but not that which is suitable for nourishment.

I leave out of the reckoning here what Sir J. Crichton Browne says of compulsory education causing brain-troubles. Overstrain in education is no new cry, and it may represent a real factor in our national decadence. Sir James thinks that a return among all classes to the old-fashioned ways of nursing motherhood is the remedy for the deterioration of the physique of the people. He is right, no doubt, in his contention. I have said we desire proper nutrition as the one condition necessary for healthy growth: but it will require a very wholesale awakening of the people to cause them to realise the truth of the advice thus given. Women nowadays are not given to the domesticity of half a century gone by. They have evolved beyond housekeeping—very many, at least—altogether: whether they will regard their duty to the nation and learn wisdom is a matter, I confess, beyond my solving.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to *Chess Editor*.
E. B. (Cardiff).—We are examining your contribution, and hope to find it suitable for publication.

C. C. W. Sumner (Warwick).—Your ingenious compositions would do better in a chess magazine, where space permits of both diagrams appearing together.

E. J. Winter-Wood.—Your problem is very acceptable.

W. J. Land.—Your three-mover is too simple for our use. Herbert A. Salway.—No. 102 can be also solved by 1. R (at K 4th) to Q B 4th, K moves; 2. K to B 7th, and 3. R mates. No. 92 is marked for insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3026 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3033 from Richard Burke (Teleniya, Ceylon); of No. 3036 from Charles Burnett; of No. 3037 from H. S. Brandreth (Dinard); of No. 3038 from Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen), Marco Salem (Sasso), G. C. B., Charles Burnett, D. B. R. (Ohan), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), C. H. Allen and A. J. Allen (Hampstead), C. W. Porter (Crawley), B. K. Atkins (Taunton), Alessandro Bolognini (Verona), F. R. Pickering (Worthing), Joseph Orford (Liverpool), A. G. Pancsova, A. H. B., Captain J. A. Challie (Great Yarmouth), Edith Corser (Reigate), J. W. (Campsie), C. H. Marriott, T. Smith (Brighton), and Sorrento.

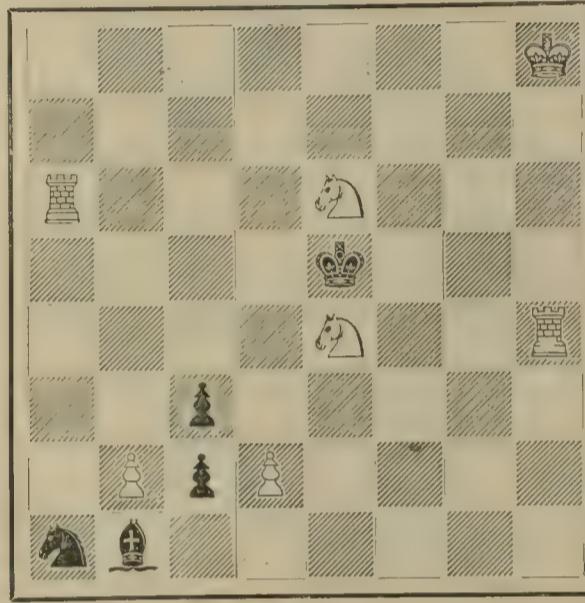
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3039 received from Albert Wolff (Putney), Reginald Gordon, T. Roberts, Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C. E. Perugini, Charles Burnett, W. Glover, Edith Corser (Reigate), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), E. Symons (Pembroke), Shadforth, R. Worts (Canterbury), W. A. Lilllico (Edinburgh), W. D. Easton (Sunderland), Joseph Cook (Pickering), Martin F. E. J. Winter-Wood, J. F. Moon, and H. Le Jeune.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3038.—By W. A. CLARK.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q 2nd Any move
2. Q or Kt mates.

PROBLEM NO. 3041.—By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in a match by Telegraph between Messrs. C. S. HOWELL and A. M. SUSSMAN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. H., Brooklyn). BLACK (Mr. S., Boston).
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q 3rd
4. P to Q 4th B to Q 2nd
5. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
6. Castles P takes P
7. Kt takes P B to K 2nd
8. P to Q Kt 3rd Castles
9. B to Kt 2nd Kt takes Kt
10. Q takes Kt B takes B
11. Kt takes Kt Kt to K 2nd
12. P to Q B 4th Kt to K sq
13. Q to Q 2nd B to B 3rd
14. Q takes B Q to K 2nd
15. Q to K 2nd Q to K 4th
16. Q to Q 2nd Q to Q B 4th
17. Kt to Q 4th Kt to R sq
18. R to K 3rd P to Q R 3rd
19. Kt to B 5th P to Q Kt 4th
20. P takes P P takes P
21. R to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd
22. Kt takes Kt P to K Kt sq
23. Kt to B 5th R to K 2nd
24. R to K sq R to Kt 3rd
25. R to Q B 3rd Q to K 4th
26. P to B 4th P to K 3rd
27. R takes P P to Q 4th
28. Q to Q 4th P takes P
29. Kt to Q 6th R takes P (ch)
30. Q takes R Q to Kt 5th (ch)
31. Kt to B sq Q to B 6th (ch)
32. Q to B 2nd Q to Q 6th (ch)
33. K to Kt sq Q takes Kt
34. R to B 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
35. Q to Q Kt 2nd Q to Q 5th (ch)
36. Kt to Kt 2nd R to Kt 5th (ch)
37. R to B 2nd Kt to Kt 6th (ch)
38. K to R sq Kt takes R
39. Q takes Kt P to K 6th
40. Q to K B 5th P to B 3rd
41. Q to K 6th Q to Kt 7th
42. Q to Q B 6th P to B 4th
43. P to K R 3rd P to Kt 5th
44. Q to Q 5th Q to B 6th
45. R to K Kt sq R takes R (ch)
46. K takes R Q to K 8th (ch)

Black wins.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Messrs. W. MANUKO and TSCHIGORIN.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes P
5. P to B 3rd B to R 4th
6. P to Q 4th P takes P
7. Castles P takes P
By the rules of the contest the players were bound to play the Evans Gambit and to follow these lines.
8. Q to Kt 3rd Q to B 3rd
9. P to K 5th Q to Kt 3rd
10. Kt takes P Kt to K 2nd
11. R to K sq Kt to Q sq
12. B to R 3rd Q to Kt 3rd
13. Q to B 2nd Q to Q B 3rd
14. Kt to Q Kt 5th Cleverly conceived. Now if B takes R, 15. Kt takes P (ch), Q takes Kt; 16. B takes P (ch), and wins the Queen with a good enough game.
15. Kt to K 3rd Kt takes Kt
16. Kt takes Kt Q to K Kt 3rd
17. B to Q 3rd Q to Kt 4th
18. P to B 4th The necessity of keeping up the attack will explain this and other moves in similar

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
contests. White cannot afford to wait or give Black time

18. Q takes P
19. R to K 4th Q to Q 7th
20. Q takes Q It does not appear from the result that the exchange is justifiable. It was what Black had been pressing for, and in spite of interesting positions which arise therefrom, Black gets all he wants very shortly.
20. B takes Q
21. Kt to Kt 5th B to R 4th
22. Kt to Q 6th (ch) K to B sq
23. Kt to B 5th B to Kt 3rd (ch)
24. K to R sq P to Q 4th
25. P tks P (*en pass.*) B takes Kt
26. R takes Kt B takes B
27. P takes P K to Kt sq
28. R to Q B 5th B takes P
29. R takes B B to Kt 3rd
30. Q R takes P P to K R 4th
31. R takes R P K to R 2nd
32. B to B 5th Q R to Q Kt sq
33. P to K R 3rd K R to Q B sq
34. B to Q 4th R to Kt 5th
35. Q R to Q 7th R to B 7th
36. R to K 3rd R to Q 7th
Black wins.

The Southern Counties Chess Union is announced to commence at Norwich on Monday, Sept. 1. The entries close on Friday, Aug. 15.

A chess column is announced to commence next month in the *Western Daily Mercury*, to appear in the Friday's issue of each week.

A work entitled "The Modern Chess Problem," by Mr. P. H. Williams, is conditionally announced for publication within the next five or six months. It will include forty diagrams illustrative of the text, and 100 of the author's own problems, in the construction of which his skill is well known to every chess column of repute. The price to subscribers is 5s.; names are to be sent to the British Chess Company, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

A SPORTSMAN'S OUTLOOK.

The shooting season will soon return to us. In the Highlands the lodges are being prepared for their season's tenants; the foresters are taking careful note of the red deer, and studying the habits of the roe deer they may have met upon their beats. On the lower lands, the moors, the gamekeepers are looking with anxious eyes at the grouse, for in most parts of Scotland the season will be decidedly inferior to its predecessor. On the low-lying lands below the moors, where the partridge is found, there is no excitement, for in Scotland August is a more important month than September.

We cannot all own or rent a moor or a deer forest, but there is plenty of sport within the range of a modest purse, and to the sportsman who has a few hundred acres of rough shooting the months of July and August are very important. He cannot reasonably expect the landlord, who receives some half-a-crown per acre for shooting-rights, to do anything for the land; if he wishes to get good sport, the tenant must see to it for himself. The services of a man or a smart boy may be profitably engaged for the two months preceding the First of September, and discretion must be exercised to see that nothing is done to hinder the farming operations in any way. Farm-labourers have a great deal to say about the quality of a rough shooting, and a generous contribution towards the harvest supper, together with an occasional gift to the bailiff, so long as sport is good, will do a great deal in the desired direction.

I have just returned from an inspection of my place: in the record of my walk lies the history of the practices that have hitherto had satisfactory results. When the summer's day has lost its greatest heat, I make my way across the fields, moving slowly and quietly. Needless to say, the dogs are on their chains at home; I could not trust one of them at my heels, though they are not ill-disciplined. My neighbours may elect to shoot rabbits and rooks and wood-pigeons through the summer; I prefer to have an unbroken silence. The vermin that cannot be destroyed in winter or early spring must go unharmed. It is not my fault if fur and feather come from the land surrounding and patronise mine—they know where they will find absolute peace. By the side of the meadow where my stroll commences there is a sloping bank leading to the dried bed of a stream that fed the river many years ago. In winter, spring, and autumn there is a fair supply of water; by the middle of June the heat prevails over it. Partridges choose the bank and hedge for their nests largely on account of the water, and dozens of young birds would die every year if the place were neglected. I have nearly a dozen flat earthenware pans put in the shadiest parts of the ditch and dug into the ground. Every day the boy goes down the hedge and fills them, so that six weeks' drought does not avail to kill off the young birds, and by the First of September they are well forward. At likely places all over the ground there are other water-pans similarly treated, and if a partridge-nest is found in an unexpected place away from water, some is put down.

In the grove, where the young saplings are trying so hard to reach the light that the large trees threaten to monopolise, there is a big pond. In the winter it is filled with water; spring and early summer see the rapid growth of alien weeds; by July it is choked. For the sake of the birds that build in and around the rushes, nothing was done until July was well advanced, and then the place was cleaned out. All the débris, whether of mud or vegetation, has been removed, and only the rushes are left standing. The first heavy rains of autumn will help to fill the pond, and when the severe weather brings the wild fowl inland, a few will be attracted to the fresh clear water. About January I shall find a woodcock or two in that part; it is not sufficiently open for snipe. Had the weeds remained unchecked, and had the mud been left, the mallard and widgeon would ignore the pond altogether. The mud is not wasted: it will be put upon one of the neighbouring fields and be regarded as a fertiliser. I see the grove has been disturbed by the work, but I hope that all will be quiet again in a week or two.

Some few of the very heavily honeycombed rabbit-holes have been blown up. This sounds cruel, but it is not. Tarred paper and paraffin rags were left at the chief entrances for a day or two, and they availed to keep the rabbits away. Rabbits with young do not use the warrens; they make their "stop" some little way from them; so I do not suppose that any rabbits suffered. Other earths that were old or troublesome have been dug out, and the rapid growth of June and July has effectively removed trace of the operation. Already the rabbits have been at work in fresh places, and they will not tunnel far enough to give any trouble before the hedgerow growth dies down. In all the fields from which the hay has been carted I have had little collections of twigs and straw placed here and there, to lead the rabbits to sit out. This measure ensures some fair sport before rabbiting really sets in. I hope to persuade my landlord to leave some few patches of corn standing in corners of the fields after harvest for the benefit of the partridges, though the potato, turnip, and mangel fields will afford them good cover.

I find it necessary to study fields that are already familiar, because the rotation of crops has a definite effect upon partridge-shooting, and the tactics that suited the land last year will be valueless now. Some few years ago an acquaintance took some thousand acres of rough shooting a few miles away, and was very successful in his first year, for he followed the instructions of a hired man who knows the district well. Next year, in consequence of some dispute, he changed his man, but insisted upon following the methods that had been successful before. He ignored the change in the disposition of the crops, with the result that his birds were as wild and shy as curlew before September was out, and he had very poor sport.

By the time the season begins, I hope to know where and how the best sport is to be found, and to find fur and feather in the best condition to meet the gun. While acting as my own gamekeeper, I have enjoyed a close and pleasant study of the fields and field-life, not the least attractive side of sport.

THE OPENING OF THE SHOOTING SEASON.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



WILD DUCK TAKING THE WATER FROM THE WING.

LADIES' PAGE.

While so much eulogistic attention is being awarded to our Colonies, the fact comes with double interest that the new Australian Federal Parliament has decided to be representative of both sexes, and not, like our own, of one sex only. The first business of the Federal representative assembly was to decide on the terms on which its own constitution should be based, and the determination is arrived at that women as well as men shall be represented, and on precisely equal terms. This decision is the more interesting as it follows on some years of local



THE LATEST YACHTING COAT.

practical experience of women's Parliamentary voting. New Zealand has had equal suffrage since 1893, South Australia since the following year, 1895, and Western Australia for two years past. The Lower, or representative, Houses of the Legislatures of both Victoria and New South Wales have repeatedly passed a woman's enfranchising measure, but the non-elective Upper Houses have thrown it out. Testimony is universal, both from New Zealand and South Australia, that not only do the women vote well and wisely, and take an interest in their vote, but that the men themselves, as soon as they are accustomed to sharing this part of their life as well as all the rest with women, feel the benefit and satisfaction of doing so. Had this not been the case, of course, the Federal Constitution would not have been based on universal suffrage. The majority, being composed of men, could have still refused women equal rights had they so wished.

What is to be done with the men of high distinction and every sort of eligibility who will not get married? Seeing that there are not enough of that important "woman's right," husbands, to go round anyhow, it is too bad to see so many of the most desirable men fighting shy of this share of a citizen's duties! Now, if they were women, they might be piqued into being married, for it could be explained to them that they must be supposed to have lost all chance of getting married by the learning or the ability that they have shown, and that has made them famous; then they would say to themselves, "Go to! Let us show that we can marry if we so desire." Really, it seems as if most of the eminent men prominently before the public eye at present were bachelors—Mr. Balfour, Lord Kitchener, Lord Milner, and several others. Would a tax meet the case, I wonder?

Miss E. M. Smyth is to be congratulated on having produced an opera at Covent Garden, a distinction in itself. There has been long delay in the appearance of a woman composer who dared to challenge public opinion on the very highest plane of her art. This is the more remarkable since women have secured so high a position as interpreters of music, not only with the voice, but on almost every instrument. Still, we must bear in mind that it is quite recently only that women were encouraged or even permitted to try to do the best within their powers. When to that is added the degree to which marriage interferes with the continued development of any talent that women possess, we must

not hastily conclude that Miss Smyth will be the last of her sex to attempt the higher flights of musical composition. Of course, there are many popular and successful women composers of light music, especially songs, such as Mdlle. Chaminade, "Guy d'Hardelot," Maude Valerie White, and Liza Lehmann. In France, Madame Augusta Holmes (Hol-mees, as the French people call this Irish-Frenchwoman's name) has had an opera of considerable importance successfully performed. Still, our sex has yet to produce work in this direction that can be placed on the same footing as that which women have executed in literature and painting. Miss Smyth's success is therefore the more pleasant to record.

There has been much comment on the fact that the other English opera, Mr. Bunning's "Princess Osra," was presented in French, though the libretto was based on an English story by Mr. Anthony Hope (another of the successful bachelors, by the way). But it must be remembered that French is the language of culture that is universally understood; English may be the language of business, but diplomacy and society make French the tongue for polyglot purposes. It seems to me a testimony to the practicality of the female mind that the Modern Languages Tripos at Cambridge is so very attractive to the women students of Newnham and Girton. Again and again they carry off all the honours in that subject. Something of this is due to the lack of grounding in Greek in girls' schools. But this probably is because the practical minds of the schoolmistresses do not care for Greek. As some Greek is of course necessary at Cambridge, the girls who go up to the women's colleges have in many cases to begin it there by reading the New Testament in Greek. Some of them then devote themselves to classics; Miss Ramsay was Senior Classic, and many of the women students have taken high honours in that tripos. But their tendency is to devote their strength to the more useful modern languages, as I have said, and it may ultimately prove that the women students, while rejecting the offers of special "female" examinations and courses, will thus instinctively show by natural selection what is best suited to their purposes, their needs, in higher education.

Seaside and country dresses are now a leading interest. Our Illustrations will therefore be studied with interest, as they show practical and simple designs that can be carried out either in linen or serge. That little loose coat faced with white, and having white strappings to harmonise holding down the four rather wide tucks on the skirt, is both new and particularly serviceable, as it can be slipped off and carried over the arm should the sun shine too vigorously, and is drawn on again over the blouse very readily when required. The trim little basque of the other design will commend itself to many tastes. Thin serge, as always, is favoured by a great many wearers.

The slightly bloused style of make which is in favour for the corsage is particularly suitable for serge. One dress prepared for the Cowes week is in white serge, bloused in front over a narrow waistband of black taffetas, and having a tiny postilion basque behind; the front is opened slightly from the waist to the bust, appearing to be buttoned back with three tabs on each side of black taffetas, each apparently fastened at its point with a gilt button. The top of this is concealed under the sailor-knot tie of black taffetas, which comes out from beneath the triple collar of white silk passing over the shoulders sailor fashion. The vest, which appears between the edges of the bodice and again as a yoke and upstanding collar, is also of supple white silk. The skirt is not very long, and is plain except for three flounces at the foot, each narrowly bound with black. A new French model in a very fine camel's hair has a novel idea with regard to its length. The skirt is made with a moderately deep flounce which ends a little above the ground, or as it might be called, walking length, then an entirely separate flounce is provided much deeper at the back than at the front, which fixes on to the skirt by means of those buttons that close by pressure, like glove-fastenings, and which have been a great deal used for closing placket-holes lately. When this flounce is put on beneath the other it gives the dress a trained appearance, yet it is quickly detached, and the dress is then a short one for playing tennis or starting on a long walking excursion.

Piqué and linen are the most popular materials for morning dresses; holland is also used, and is a very useful material. A pretty piqué dress in white has the skirt made with a flat front, untrimmed, but outlined from waist to hem with bands of a fancy galon embroidered in many colours, blue predominating, on piqué; the sides and back of the skirt show two flounces, which are trimmed along the edge with the same embroidered galon. The blouse-bodice has a vest of wide crossways tucks of the piqué, with the embroidered galon edging each, to match the skirt, and a deep sailor collar is similarly trimmed. To make a simple cotton dress quite smart, a deep, handsome collar of embroidery, or even of good lace, is all-sufficient. There is great variety to be obtained in these little accessories of the toilette. Some are of lace laid upon chené silk in many and bright hues, and have part of the lace pattern cut away to show up this coloured foundation. Others are embroidered with a vermicelli pattern in gold thread. Again, one sees a collar in etamine covered with fine ribbon embroidery in a meandering pattern. The simplest of bloused bodices relieved with a smart collar like one of these, whether it be set on a revers over the shoulders or whether it be up to the throat, is at once made into a dressy gown for morning wear. The mercerised cotton fabrics, looking as they do like foulards while new—though not after they have visited the laundress, sooth to say—are another simple means of presenting a refined, smart appearance in a cheap fabric.

It is quite sad to see so many faces, even among the young and really pretty, "made up" at the seaside. There is some excuse for a little "making up" in evening dress and in the season; the crowded city atmosphere

and the fatigue of the life of fashionable society in the season are so deleterious to the skin, and the strong light of the electric branches or of the gas-jets is so trying, that powder seems almost necessary, and even a touch of rouge is pardonable. But enjoying the fresh free country air and wholesome life ought to be the occasion for allowing the skin to rest and perform its functions freely, cleaning itself by the natural perspiration of the dullness and thick look that the city air has produced. Women who persist in using rouge and powder constantly are sure to pay for their vain folly by premature wrinkles; and the skin will be parchment-like, thickened and dried-up at an age when appearance will still seem of great importance, and when a complexion fairly treated would still be blooming enough. But here at Cowes one sees every token of artificial dressing on the face; even though the sea-air has the painful power of turning some of these parts purple, so that those who use the stuff look as if they had by accident washed their faces in a dye-tub, still the lesson is not accepted. For the sake of your own future, one longs to say to them, do rest your poor complexions, and let them be in Nature's care for a time! A little massage at night with a cold cream, a dust of powder—this degree of attention does no harm. But white washes, in which there may be lead, red daubs in which metallic ingredients enter, thick layers of powder, bismuth, and talc—to say the least, these close the pores of the skin, and are only too likely actually to poison it, and ruin your health as well as your complexion.

Visitors to London take for their appearance, to a considerable extent, the season in which we Londoners are all off to fresh woods and pastures new. They let their seaside and country houses and come to town to do their shopping, see the museums, and so forth. Those who are availing themselves of town delights this year should add the Parisian Diamond Company's premises to their list of sights to be seen. In no place can more beautiful jewellery designs be viewed than at 85, New Bond Street, 143, Regent Street, or that handsome window belonging to this company at the extreme end



A SMART SEASIDE COSTUME.

of Burlington Arcade—the opposite end from Piccadilly entrance. Country or foreign visitors may purchase some of those charming ornaments with the complete assurance that they are in the first flight of fashion.

Deliciously refreshing at all times is a little Eau-de-Cologne put into the water with which one washes one's face and hands. One of the best brands for the purpose is that manufactured by Mühlen, and distinguished by the well-known number "4711." There is something so wholesome and reviving about this special brand of Eau-de-Cologne. The same maker's delightful "Rhine Violet" perfume is also equally to be desired. It is most delicate and agreeable, and the *Lancet* has recently told us that the use of perfume is an effectual method of warding off any infection. The London depot of "4711" and "Rhine Violets" is 62, New Bond Street.

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Photo, Fradelle and Young.

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On July 21, at the Hotel Cecil, Sir Montague Neilson presented Mr. Seddon with an address and a piece of plate on behalf of the New Zealanders in London. Mrs. Seddon also received a set of diamond ornaments. All classes in New Zealand, Sir Montague said, had recognised Mr. Seddon's good work. Mr. Seddon trusted that the friendship between New Zealand and the Mother Country would long continue.

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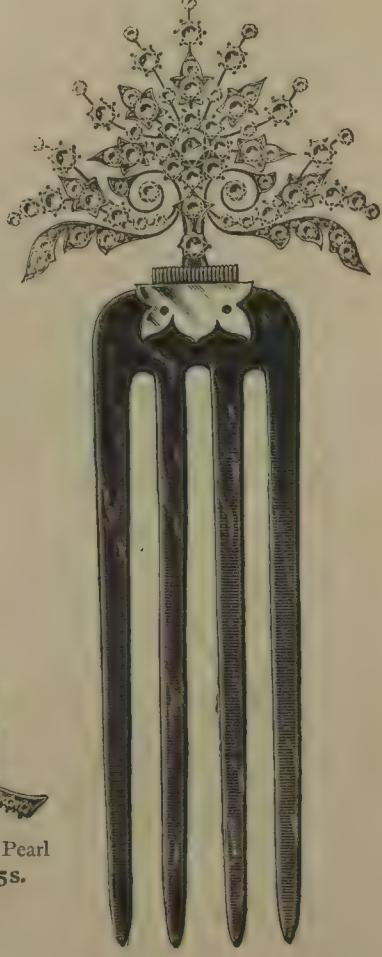
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Photo, Slater, Llandudno.

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and Paris. Its position is unique. It faces almost due south, an advantage possessed by no other hotel in Llandudno, and it is close both to the pier and to the foot of the Great Orme. No situation could be more suitable or more picturesque. The Hotel itself, a large and imposing structure in the Georgian style, is distinctly an architectural feature, and an ornament to the fashionable watering-place. Llandudno can now boast of having an Hotel with all the latest improvements which art and science can

suggest, and there can be no doubt that a prosperous future awaits the venture. An important feature is the catering, which is carried out on liberal and artistic lines, under the direction of a competent French chef. Add to this the fact that the prices are characterised by moderation, and it will be admitted that the opening of this fine up-to-date Hotel, with accommodation for 200 guests, cannot fail to enhance greatly the already wide popularity of the Queen of Welsh watering-places.

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AGAINST INFECTION.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archdeacon Moule, who spent thirty-four years as a missionary in China, and was invalided home in 1894, is now so much stronger that he contemplates an early return to his old sphere of labour. He will rejoin his elder brother, the Bishop of Mid-China. The *Church Missionary Intelligencer* notes that on the Mid-China roll of living and working missionaries there are no fewer than thirteen Moules.

Strong appeals for the poorer clergy were made by Archbishop Temple and Bishop Ingram at the annual meeting of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation. The Bishop of London said that poverty is dragging down the quality of the ministry of the Church altogether. The total amount distributed by the society during the past year was £12,230, in 809 separate grants. This is the largest amount given in one year since the Corporation was founded forty-six years ago.

The R. W. Dale Library at Browning Hall, Walworth, has been enriched by gifts from the Bishops of Worcester and Rochester. Dr. Talbot, in a letter to the Warden, described Dr. Dale as "one of the men to whom we owe most in these latter days as a quickener of the public conscience and a representative of a noble social morality."

The beautiful new church at Shotton in Hawarden parish, will be consecrated early in August by the Bishop of St. Asaph. Mr. Gladstone contributed £1000 to the building fund, which his family have also generously supported; and the Byron Society have presented the east window. Mr. Gladstone wished Shotton Church to be a fine building, available equally for all.

The famous Presbyterian Church of Régent Square is providing itself with an organ this summer at a cost of £3000. This historic church is almost the last of its order in the Metropolis to adopt instrumental music; and

it is much to be hoped that the psalmody for which the Regent Square congregation is noted may not be abandoned under the new régime.

Canon Southwell, the lately appointed Provost of King's College, Taunton, had many interesting experiences during the South African War. He acted as

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.

A new Anglo-American association, to be known as "The Pilgrims" was formally organised on July 24 at a meeting held in the Carlton Hotel under the presidency of General Lord Grenfell. The previous Friday, at an informal gathering of representative Englishmen and Americans, a series of recommendations had been drawn up, and these were submitted to the meeting by Mr. Harry E. V. Brittain. The object of the association was, he said, to perpetuate and increase the friendly relations existing between the two great branches of the English-speaking race. It had been suggested that headquarters should at first be established only in London and New York, but with the growth of the association it was hoped to form branches in Paris, Berlin, Washington, Chicago, and other great centres. Membership would extend throughout the English-speaking world, the qualification being public service, the Army or Navy, science, literature, art, extensive travel, etc. There would be no clubhouse, but rooms would be engaged at the leading hotel in each city for the convenience of members, and the opportunities for dining together and for entertaining prominent men would be frequent. The subscription was not to exceed £2 per annum, which would carry membership in each centre. Finally, it was suggested that a great Anglo-American banquet to celebrate the return of the King to health

should be held at or about the time of the Coronation. Earl Roberts was elected Honorary President, and General Lord Grenfell, Mr. Chauncey Depew, and Commodore the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, Hon. Vice-Presidents. The Hon. Secretary of "The Pilgrims" is Mr. Harry E. V. Brittain. An influential committee includes General Joseph Wheeler, the Archdeacon of London, Mr. Herbert Ingram, and others.



Photo. Banks.

THE GREAT WAREHOUSE FIRE IN PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER.

At eight o'clock on the morning of July 24 a disastrous fire broke out in the warehouse of Messrs. George Peak and Co., dealers in lace and Manchester goods. The premises were gutted in less than an hour, and the damage is very heavy.

Chaplain to the Forces, and marched with Lord Roberts from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The Provost was inducted to his new post by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Dr. Reyer Thomas, of Brookline, Mass., is in London on his usual summer holiday, and has occupied the City Temple pulpit on the last two Sundays of July. In August this eloquent preacher will give two Sundays to the congregation of Union Chapel, Islington. V.

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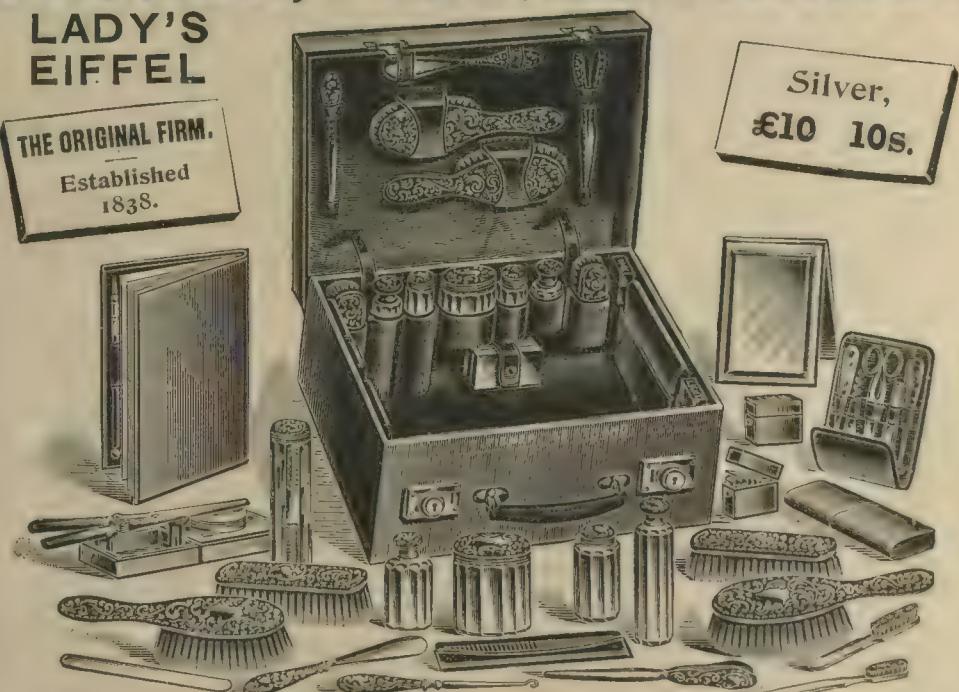
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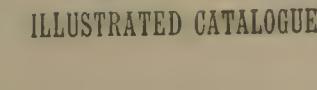
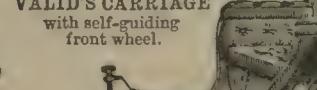
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ART NOTES.

The sales at the Royal Academy, now that the exhibition is at an end, may be finally set down as less than satisfactory. They do not figure out to much more than £10,000, which is half the sum that passed through the coffers at Burlington House last year. As against this, it may be said that the gate-money in shillings and sixpences has never been greater than it totals out to this season.

Sales outside the Academy have been better in proportion than the sales within its walls. One form of disposal of a picture is particularly agreeable to an artist—when it finds a purchaser in one of his own craft. This piece of luck has just fallen to Mr. Wilson Steer, whose "Embarkation," exhibited at the Carfax Gallery, has passed into the possession of Mr. Sargent.

At the galleries of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Board of Education, South Kensington, has collected for exhibition the school-work of medal and prize winners throughout the country. Every class of the schools is represented, of course—the antique, the life, and design being most important. The work is neither better nor worse than usual, done as

it is under the traditions that have obtained now for more than forty years under the fostering sanction of the Government. This is not a system that has formed artists, but it has half educated a great number of people in the principles of modern art, and it has equipped an army of teachers of the same things. In design it has done little enough. Reform in design was set afoot much later than the beginning of the national work of the School of Art, by private initiative; and thus has almost everything been done in England that was done effectually in and out of the world of art. One is sorry to see the nursery wallpaper of nursery-rhyme figures still persisting in the department of design.

The Fine Art Society exhibit various drawings, paintings, and etchings of the Campanile of St. Mark's Cathedral, including something of Ruskin's and of Prout's. English artists have certainly done their best to record this and other beautiful things—all the more that they have been occupied rather with the fact to be represented than with the art of the representation. Italy owes our industrious people a good deal if she but knew it. The English sketcher was sometimes just beforehand with the Italian destroyer. Ruskin had more than once barely time to make a drawing of one

side of a building while the other was falling, not like the belfry of Venice, under the touch of time, but under the stroke of the pick-axe.

The Great Eastern Railway announce that in addition to the tourist, fortnightly, Friday or Saturday to Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, etc., tickets, which are issued from Liverpool Street and their other London and suburban stations to the east and north-east coasts and the Norfolk Broads districts, excursion tickets will also be issued from Liverpool Street or suburban stations by the Cathedral route on Friday, Aug. 1, to the north-east coast—Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc.; and on Aug. 2 to Lincoln, York, Scarborough, Whitby, for Newcastle, etc.

The New Palace steamers announce that they will not make any alteration in their steamers' sailings for Bank Holiday period. The *Royal Sovereign* will sail as usual on the Monday and other days to Margate and Ramsgate at 9.20 from Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, and the *Koh-i-Noor* at 8.50 for Southend and Margate; *La Marguerite* on Saturday, Aug. 2, and Sunday, Aug. 3, to Southend and Margate from Tilbury, and Monday to Boulogne and back.

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Also made in the following sizes: Fruit Spoon, 10 in. long, £1 15s.; Dessert Spoon, 6 in. long, 15s.; Christening Spoon, 6 in. long, 10s. 6d.; Tea Spoon, 4 in. long, 5s. 6d.; Coffee Spoon, as illustrated, 3s. 6d.; Lighter make, 2s. 6d.; Lighter make, enamelled in same colours as the original, 3s. 6d.; Special "Coronation" Case to take same, 2s.

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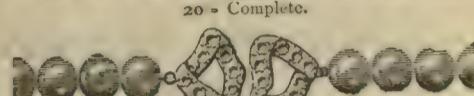
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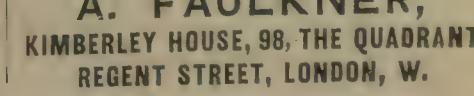
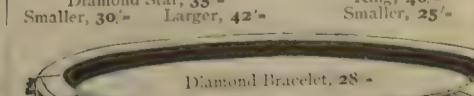
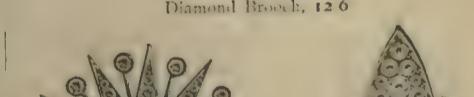
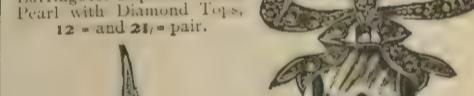
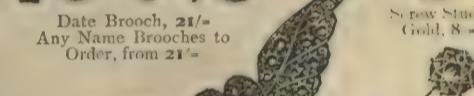
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 Pens neither scratch
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 24, 1901) of the Right Hon. John, first Earl of Kimberley, K.G., of 35, Lowndes Square, and Kimberley House, Wymondham, who died on April 8, was proved on July 22 by John, second Earl of Kimberley, the son, and Edmond Robert Wodehouse, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £253,313. The testator gives certain hereditaments, lands, and premises in Norfolk to follow the trusts of the settled family estates; £500 and an annuity of £300 to his daughter Lady Constance Wodehouse; £500 to his daughter Lady Alice Packe; and diamond and pearl jewels to his said son, for life, and then for his eldest son. Subject to the payment off of £30,000 charged on the settled estate as portions for his younger children, he leaves the residue of his property to his son the present Earl.

The will (dated March 10, 1876), with two codicils (dated June 18, 1887, and May 18, 1898), of Mr. Thomas Stratton Fallows, of 19, Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, who died on May 24, was proved on July 7 by William Leslie Wynn and Joseph Walter, the executors, the value of the estate being £230,314. The testator bequeaths his furniture and domestic effects, and an annuity of £800, to his wife, Mrs. Jane Fallows; £1000 to his brother

Howard Thorpe Fallows; £250 each to his executors; and £100 each to his brother Joseph Seymour Fallows and Maria Dinah Brooks. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to his son and one third, in trust, for each of his daughters Ada and Jessie.

The will (dated July 23, 1901) of Miss Mary Jane Gregory, of 21, Addison Road, W., and Bryn Eithyn, Colwyn Bay, who died on Feb. 22, has been proved by the Rev. Henry Spurrier, George Spurrier, and Robert Stanley Oliver Mais, the executors, the value of the estate being £65,516. The testatrix gives four portraits of the Fowden Hindle family, one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to the Blackburn Art Gallery; £500 to Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce, for the Lads' Institute and the poor of St. John, Westminster; her freehold and leasehold property at Colwyn Bay to the eldest daughter of Mrs. Yerburgh; £4000 to Captain Robert Campbell Pierce; £1000 to Doris Patricia Pierce; an annuity of £800 and the use of her residence in Addison Road, with the household furniture therein, to Eliza Amy Coathupe; a silver cup and six snuffboxes to Robert Armstrong Yerburgh, M.P.; £300 each to her executors; and many small legacies to friends and servants. On the death of Eliza Amy Coathupe she bequeaths £1000 to the Blackburn Infirmary; £1000 to the trustees of Repton School for a scholarship for

mathematics; £300 to the Surgical Aid Society; and £100 to the Colwyn Bay Cottage Hospital. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her aunt Eliza A. Thwaites, for life, and then for the daughters of Mrs. Yerburgh.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1893), with two codicils (dated Nov. 16, 1893, and Dec. 20, 1898), of Mr. Charles Turner Simpson, of Millmead House, Guildford, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, who died on May 10, was proved on July 22 by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Rudyerd Simpson, the son, the acting executor, the value of the estate being £52,569. Under the powers and provisions of his marriage settlement he appoints £3000 to his daughter Gaynor Anne; £300 per annum during the life of Mrs. Simpson for the benefit of his son Reginald Wynne, and the remainder of the funds thereof for his son Charles and his daughter Gaynor Anne. The testator gives his household furniture, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Mary Charlotte Mair Simpson; £3000 to his son Charles; and £50 each to John St. Loe Strachey and Frederick D. Williams. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life, and at her decease he gives £4000, upon trust, for his daughter Gaynor Anne, for life, and then for his other daughter, Mrs. Henrietta Mary Ann Strachey, who is otherwise provided for; £6000 and one

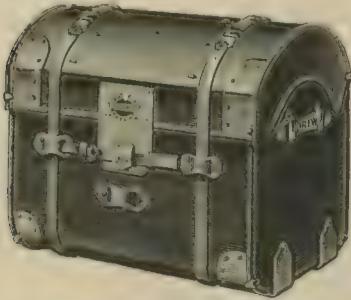
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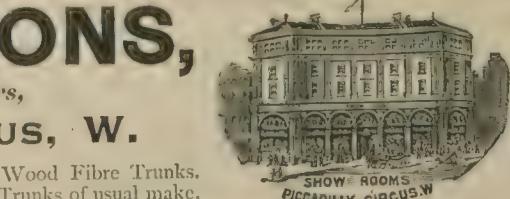
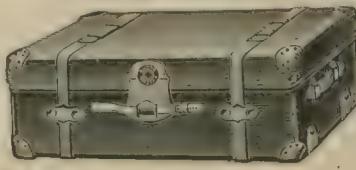
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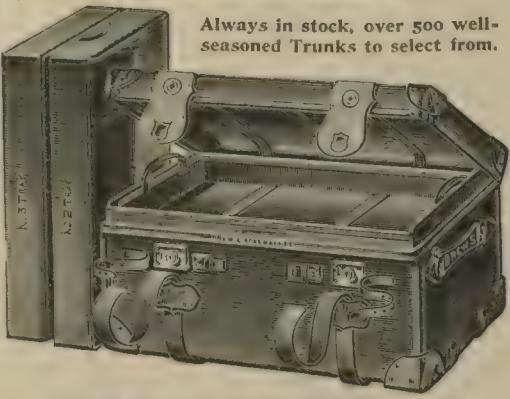
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A PAIR IVORY HANDLE RAZORS in RUSSIA LEATHER CASE, 21s.

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third of the ultimate residue, in trust, for his son Reginald Wynne, for life, and then for his children, and in default of issue, for his son Charles and daughter Gaynor Anne; and the remaining two thirds to his son Charles and daughter Gaynor Anne.

The will (dated June 30, 1900), with a codicil (dated Sept. 20 following), of Mr. Thomas de Horne, of 3, Cumberland Place, and late of Stanway Hall, Essex, who died on June 22, was proved on July 19 by Mrs. Emma de Horne, the widow, John Savill Vaizey, and Thomas Mark Merriman, the executors, the value of the estate being £39,619. Subject to a few small legacies, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death he gives £12,000, upon trust, for his nephew Morris de Horne; £5000, upon trust, for his niece Ada Grahame; £3000 each to his nephews

Thomas Mark Hovell and Alexander Bevington; £2000 to his nephew George Deville; and £3000 to his niece Florence Münker. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his niece Ellen Blanch Florence Bevir.

The will (dated May 5, 1901) of Miss Esther Spear Mann, of Ivydene, Gilbert Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on May 30, was proved on July 1 by Basil Edward Hardy and Ernest George Hardy, the executors, the value of the estate being £37,458. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to the Mann Institute, Moreton-in-Marsh; £3000 to the Women's Settlement, Canning Town; £500 to the Congregational Chapel, Moreton-in-Marsh; £1000 each to his executors; £1000 each to Mrs. Robert Whithy, Mrs. Henry Wallis, Miss Mary Rigg, Miss Rebecca H. Cheetham, Miss Emily Ann Hardy, Miss

Grace Jukes, and Miss Mary Fairfax Hurry; £250 each to Dr. Inglis and Kate Harrison; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves as to one fourth each to her sister Fanny and brother Joseph Procter, and one half to her sister Mary Rebecca.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1901) of Mr. Thomas Comber, J.P., of Leighton, Parkgate, Chester, who died on Jan. 24, has been proved by Mrs. Anne Baddeley Comber, the widow, Edward Comber, the son, and Charles Sanderson, the executors, the value of the estate being £44,339. The testator gives £300, his household furniture, and the income, during her widowhood, from £35,000, to his wife; and £200 each to his son Edward and to Charles Sanderson. Subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his children and the issue of any deceased child.

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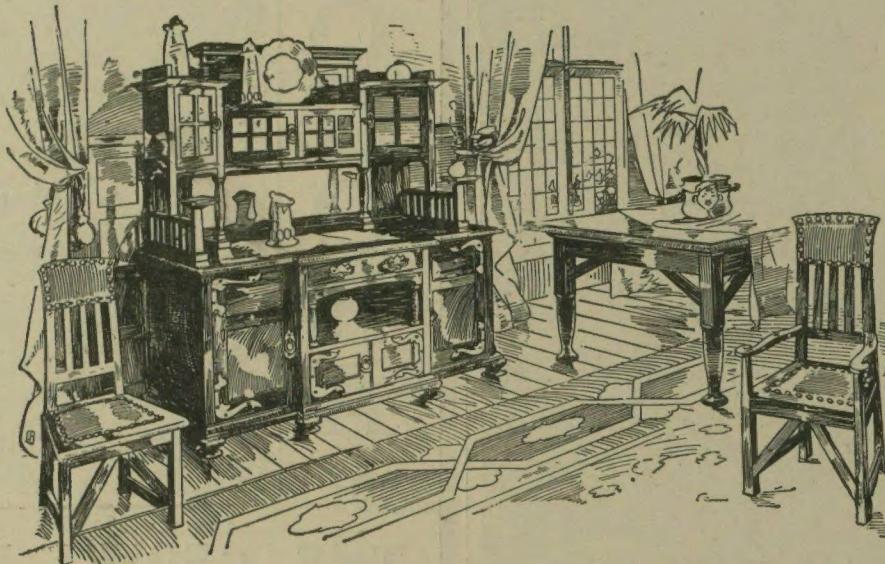
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